

**SPECIAL
ISSUE**

A DAY OF COOKING

25 DELICIOUS RECIPES FROM AROUND THE WORLD

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09:30

**FRUIT-
TOPPED
SWEET
CREPES**

Page 26

**GREAT
LATE-
NIGHT
PASTA**

Page 80

01:17

**ROAST
CHICKEN**

Page 84

6:32

**THE
ULTIMATE
RAGU**

Page 45

07:59



May 2014

165

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BEST FOOD MOMENTS



Every minute, somewhere in the world, a great meal is happening. What would it be like, we wondered, if we could gather all of those food moments—a Hollywood legend's breakfast of huevos rancheros (page 22); a grilled seafood lunch in Abu Dhabi (shown above; page 52); a tony dinner in London (page 72)—in one place? What would the ultimate food day look like? This issue is our answer to that question. We cast a wide net, asking writers, chefs, home cooks, dancers, scientists, and many others to share their favorite food moments. The result? A day's—and a night's—worth of deliciousness. The clock starts ticking on page 17. —*The Editors*

Cover Crazy Day Crêpes (see "A Place at the Table," page 26) PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDRE BARANOWSKI

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14

First

Celebrating the sustaining power of daily food rituals.
By Karen Shimizu

94

Pantry

Where to find ingredients and more from this issue.
By Kellie Evans

98

Moment

Tasting is all part of a day's work at *SAVEUR*. *Photograph by Landon Nordeman*



62



36

18 **Room with a View**
20 **Early to Rise**
22 **What'll It Be, Mr. Brooks?**
23 **Morning Glory: Breakfast Rituals**
25 **New Beginning**
26 **A Place at the Table**
28 **Above and Beyond**
30 **Clocking the Cook: Perfect Timing**
32 **Blue Plate Special**
34 **Food for the Soul**

36 **Table for One**
38 **Race to the Finish**
40 **À la Minute**
42 **Desk Lunch: Global Takeout**
44 **Rite of Spring**
45 **A Saucy Dish**
46 **Spice of Life**
48 **Coming Home**
50 **Picnic by the Sea**
51 **Tiki Time**
52 **Afternoon Delights**
54 **Modern Family**

56 **Life of the Party**
58 **Happy Hour: Bar Snacks**
60 **When the Work Is Done**
62 **Still Cooking**
63 **When Dinner Becomes a Diary**
64 **My Belly of Paris**
66 **Sweet Spot**
68 **Down Memory Lane**
69 **Longtime Love**
70 **Into the Night**

72 **Serious Pleasure**
73 **World's Most Elegant Nightcap**
74 **Off the Clock**
75 **After Hours: Midnight Meals**
76 **Fridge Raid**
78 **Shifting Gears**
79 **Last Call: Late-Night Bites**
80 **The Endless Evening**

FROM LEFT: INGALLS PHOTOGRAPHY; SHANNON STURGIS



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Recipes

Mains

- Ayam Jeruk (Grilled Chicken and Toasted Coconut Salad) **83**
 Braised Short Ribs with Celery Root Purée **83**
 Chicken and Broccoli Rabe Stromboli **85**
 Crazy Day Crêpes **85**
 ✪ El Coyote's Enchiladas Suizas **86**
 Etihad Airways' Lamb Biryani **86**
 Grouper in Crab Sauce with Black Quinoa and Pickled Fennel **87**
 Meatloaf Sandwich **88**
 ✪ Mochiko Chicken with Ponzu Sauce **88**
 Pollo Relleno (Chicken Stuffed with Manchego, Mushrooms, and Spinach) **88**
 Potato, Spinach, and Red Pepper Frittata **88**
 ✪ Rouladen (German Braised Beef Rolls) **89**
 Rubyan Meshwi (Emirati Grilled Prawns) **89**
 Sambal Goreng Tempe (Fried Tempeh in Tomato Sambal) **90**
 Spaghetтата di Mezzanotte (Pasta with Anchovies, Capers, and Tomato Sauce) **90**
 ✪ Tagliatelle Bolognese **90**
 Tarako Spaghetti **91**
 Wang Choy Chow Sau (Braised Pork Belly) **91**

Sides

- Chao Sigua (Stir-Fried Loofah with Soybeans) **92**
 Khayan Thee Hnut (Burmese Eggplant Curry) **92**

Drinks and Desserts

- Dragon 88 Mai Tai **92**
 Lime Pie Cocktail **93**
 Lucky Luciano **93**
 Nectar of the Ancient **93**
 ✪ Raspberry Pinwheels **93**

The ✪ denotes a Classic **SAVEUR** recipe. For more information, visit SAVEUR.COM/CLASSIC.



83



92



88



88



88



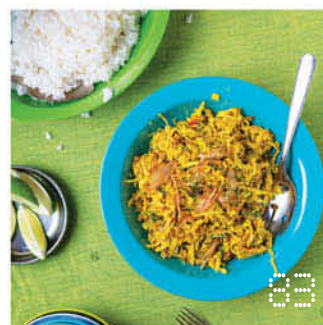
85



88



93



93

CLOCKWISE FROM FAR LEFT: DYLAN HO (1); INGALLS PHOTOGRAPHY (2, 5, 6, 7); ARIANA LINDQUIST (3); JAMES OSELAND (4); ANDRE BARANOWSKI (8, 9)

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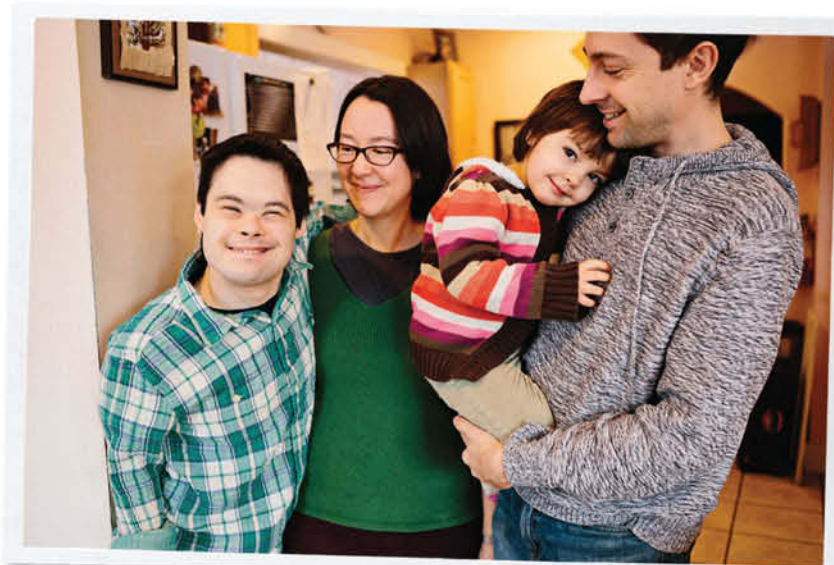
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First



We've Got Rhythm

Giving thanks for life's daily rituals

My youngest brother, Kei, was born with Down syndrome. He was a sweet baby, and I remember my disbelief when a friend said that there was “something wrong” with him. My mom fiercely set me straight: There was nothing wrong with Kei. He was special. And, boy, was he ever.

As Kei grew up, he was in the middle of every family activity, playing drums and tossing his hair like Ringo Starr while my sister played “A Hard Day’s Night” on the piano, and pitching in at meals, grating cheese for pasta, his favorite. He was the biggest foodie in the family. When we ate out, if he tried something he liked, he’d turn to me and say, “Karen, let’s make this at home!”

As we got older, my other siblings and I left for college, until Kei was alone at home. He withdrew, spending long stretches listening to music on his headphones. He seemed depressed. We worried, unsure how to help.

Then we learned of Heartbeet Lifesharing, a community for developmentally disabled

adults not far from our home in Marshfield, Vermont. My mom took Kei to visit, and he liked it. In 2008, he moved there.

Among many other things, Heartbeet is a working farm, and Kei’s life there revolves around its rhythms. He milks cows, gathers eggs from the henhouse, and gardens. And three times a day, he and his housemates help to prepare meals using the food they’ve produced. Kei is his old animated, vivacious self, joshing with the others as he participates in each day’s tasks.

The concept of routine often gets a bad rap, but it’s routines that give our lives meaning. In this issue of *SAVEUR*, we explore the way the world eats—its many cooking rituals and well-worn, or newfound, habits. Great meals unfold at all hours, whether it’s a quiet breakfast of cheese pancakes in Kiev, Ukraine (see page 25); a dinner at a favorite bistro in Paris (page 64); an impromptu spaghetti party in the wee hours of the morning in Brooklyn (page 80); or a meal at Heartbeet (page 26). There’s great beauty—and great food—in these everyday moments. As Kei showed me, where there’s rhythm, there’s joy.

—KAREN SHIMIZU, Senior Editor

From left: Kei and Karen Shimizu, Karen’s daughter, Akiko, and her husband, Christopher Michel, at Heartbeet Lifesharing.

COREY HENDRICKSON

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Photos: Sonya Farrel

NEW AMERICAN IN BROOKLYN

Executive Chef John Poiarkoff Stays Hyper-Seasonal with an Ever-Evolving Menu

The Pines owes its name and many of its furnishings to an old summer camp in New York State's Catskill Mountains. The atmosphere appeals to Brooklyn and city locals who want to try fresh new ingredients in creative and artful ways, sharing dishes and cocktails among friends.

Their signature dish for spring is ricotta agnolotti inspired by two of the chef's favorite spring ingredients: morel mushrooms and ramps. The agnolotti are filled with house-made ricotta cheese and pea purée, and served with more peas, sautéed morel mushrooms, and a broth made from ramp tops and the whey reserved from the ricotta-making process.

Bring these seasonal flavors home with a version that comes together simply atop grilled bread.



Ingredients

- 5 ramps
- 1 cup green peas
- 2 cups mixed mushrooms
- 1 hot red chili pepper, sliced thin
- 2 tablespoons cider vinegar
- ¼ cup extra virgin olive oil
- 2 cups ricotta cheese
- 1 baguette, sliced
- Salt and pepper

RICOTTA, PEAS, & MARINATED MUSHROOMS ON GRILLED BREAD

Method

- ① Separate the ramp greens from the stems. Slice stems thinly and reserve. Blanch greens for 30 seconds in boiling, salted water then shock in ice water. Pat dry and chop roughly.
- ② Blanch the peas until tender, about 3 minutes, then shock in ice water for 5 minutes, drain, and reserve.
- ③ Prepare the mushrooms: brush off dirt, cut into bite-sized pieces, and sauté in a little oil over medium-high heat until lightly browned. Add sliced ramp stems and chilies, cook for 1 minute, add salt and pepper to taste, followed by the vinegar. Simmer for 3 minutes, then remove from pan and stir in ¼ cup olive oil.
- ④ Mix ricotta with peas and chopped ramp greens, season with salt and pepper.
- ⑤ Grill/toast the baguette slices, top with the ricotta mixture, some marinated mushrooms, and a little of the oil from the marinade.



ABOUT JOHN POIARKOFF

John grew up in a family of cooks and bakers outside of Pittsburgh, PA. Before becoming the executive chef at The Pines, he held the position of sous chef at the Modern in New York City. "When he left the Modern, everybody was so sad to see him go," former employer Danny Meyer told Eater, when the chef was a semi-finalist in the 2013 Eater Young Guns contest. "When you go to The Pines you'll see he's doing cooking that is intellectual and soul satisfying at the same time. You usually get one or the other, but it's rare to get both." Says John about The Pines' culinary approach: "We change our menu daily, letting dishes evolve with the seasons. Hopefully our guests will experience something new, exciting, and delicious each time they come back."

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BEST FOOD MOMENTS

The finest hour of any day begins at the moment that we stop what we're doing, fill our plates, and sit down to eat. To nourish our bodies and reinvigorate our souls, to feed inspiration in the kitchen and share it at the table with others—these are the fundamental reasons that we mark time with meals. The dishes change, and the time zones do, too. While you're raiding the fridge for a midnight snack in, say, New York, it may be the lunch hour in Hong Kong. But no matter where in the world we are, the rituals of cooking and eating all fulfill the same human need for pleasure and for nurture. Woven together and seen as a whole, the best food moments of people around the globe create one delicious feast for the senses, a round-the-clock life-giving meal full of joy and exhilarating preparations.



Chef-owner Bawi H. Thang holds a dish of *laphet thoke*, tea leaf salad, a popular lunch item at OK Asian Restaurant, his Burmese eatery in Columbus Junction, Iowa.

06:21AM



Room with a View

LOS ANGELES

If you rise early enough in Los Angeles, you will often find a chill in the air and sometimes even a blanket of fog. At this hour at the Hotel Bel-Air (dorchestercollection.com), a smoky blue dawn embraces the estate's palm trees and bougainvillea vines, dewdrops glisten like gems on the chaise lounges, birds dart in and out of patches of mist. Wrapped in a plush throw on my terrace, I cuddle up to a room service breakfast served to me by a dapper waiter named Felix, who pours strong French press coffee as if he were performing a ballet move. Brioche French toast is nothing new, but this one is ravishing, kissed with vanilla and dressed to the nines in a blueberry compote. In between bites, I nosh on strips of house-smoked salmon and pieces of perfectly ripe fruit. From a basket of pastries I pluck a *pain au chocolat*: not skimpy on the chocolate and intensely buttery. The reflection of the rising sun shines from the window of some movie star's mansion across the canyon. I pour a second cup of coffee, trying to imitate the finesse of Felix, and sit back to take in the view, reveling in how completely decadent it is to be up so early and to feel so glamorous. —Sara Kate Gillingham, founder, thekitchn.com

The Hotel Bel-Air's brioche French toast.

HELEN ROSNER: RTIMAGES/ALAMY

FACT:

In 1893, the Waldorf Hotel in New York City became the first hotel in the world to offer room service, an amenity that attracted A-listers from inventor Nikola Tesla to gangster Bugsy Siegel.





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Early to Rise

SEA RANCH :
CALIFORNIA

By the time the sun comes up on the Sonoma coast, my partner, Hilla, and I have been at the bakery for three hours. When we got here today at 3:30 A.M., the first thing we did, as always, was make coffee. Then I started mixing the country wheat dough for our lunchtime sandwich bread. Once it was resting in the walk-in, I turned to rolling out and folding croissant dough. It's flaky and airy, and I use it for everything: plain, almond, and

chocolate croissants; ham and Gruyère and spinach and feta ones; sesame sticks and knotted morning buns dusted in cinnamon sugar. All of these will go in the oven at 7 A.M., so when the doors open at 8, the crowd lined up outside can eat them warm. Our big, puffy sticky buns take a little longer, so they're already baking, along with Hilla's blueberry and bran muffins and her orange currant and lemon poppy seed scones. Now comes my favorite

part, making the pinwheels. The dough is easy—it's basically a dump-and-stir—but after you cut and fold it, the shapes are so pretty, and the cookies are delicious. Crispy and star-armed with a raspberry jam center, they get egg-washed to bring out a nice golden color in the oven. And, because I like texture, I sprinkle them with crunchy turbinado sugar. We'll display them with everything else we're selling today; the people up here love it all. The work is a challenge: I've never liked getting up so early. Then again, it's been ten good years of sunrises. —Margaret Smith, co-owner, Twofish Baking Company (twofishbaking.com)

06:45AM

Twofish Baking Company's raspberry pinwheels (see page 93 for recipe).

ANDRE BARANOWSKI; VALENTYN VOLKOV/ALAMY (COFFEE)

FACT: With more than 7 million tons produced annually, coffee is one of the planet's most popular drinks. Indeed, the world's java lovers consume **584 billion cups of coffee each year**. That amounts, on average, to more than 18,500 caffeine-fueled cups per second.





Kitchen by award-winning designer Matthew Patrick Smyth. Most design pieces from his personal collection; brass coffee pot from Florian Papp Antiques, New York.



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WHAT'LL IT BE, MR. BROOKS?

LOS ANGELES

Today my breakfast consists of fruit juice (bottled apple juice mixed with water, 50/50; I've also squeezed an orange from a tree in my backyard into it) to help swallow the following vitamins: C, D3, B12, and folic acid. I'm told I get the rest of my vitamins in my bowl of bran flakes. On top of the bran flakes I hurl a mélange of blueberries, raisins, dried currants, and banana. All of that is swimming in organic nonfat, non-lactose milk. Once I'm done, there is still some milk left over at the bottom of the bowl. So as not to waste it, I throw in a handful of Cheerios. I drink a large cup of coffee with it all. I try to find coffee beans from Kenya, Peru, Brazil, or Costa Rica. Sometimes if I have a winning horse at the races I will buy a pound of Blue Mountain Jamaican Coffee—very, very expensive. In the coffee I have 2 percent milk. Nonfat milk turns it gray, and I like coffee-colored coffee. While this is my everyday routine, on the weekend it is huevos rancheros! Huevos rancheros take a bit of making to make, so I go to my favorite Mexican restaurant, Kay 'n Dave's in Brentwood (kayndaves.com). Theirs are perfect: eggs over easy (whites firm, yellows runny) on toasted corn tortillas with beans and rice. They're topped with ranchero sauce, pico de gallo, and cheese. Sometimes, when I'm finishing my last bite, I go crazy and I tell the waiter, "Please! Do it again!" He says, "All of it?" I say, "All of it! The works!"

—Mel Brooks, writer, director, actor, and producer

07:22AM

The author in a photograph, circa 1954, taken by his friend writer-director Carl Reiner.

MORNING GLORY: BREAKFAST RITUALS



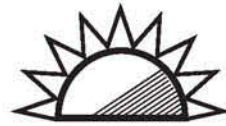
SUSANNE WIBERG THOMSEN **TOY STORE OWNER** THOSE FOLDED BUTTERY PASTRIES MOST PEOPLE CALL DANISH? HERE IN DENMARK WE CALL THEM *WIENERBRØD*, OR VIENNA BREAD—THEY WERE INTRODUCED BY AUSTRIAN BAKERS WHEN DANISH BAKERS WENT ON STRIKE. I LOVE THEM FILLED WITH ALMOND PASTE OR BERRY PRESERVES.

FRANCIS LAM WRITER/EDITOR I'm not really a breakfast eater, the meal a victim of my portly childhood and the notion that a calorie saved is a calorie earned. When I have to have something in the morning, I love congee—Cantonese rice porridge—and even more so, stir-fried noodles. Why don't we eat more morning noodles?

**PETE WELLS**

DINING CRITIC

My go-to breakfast is steel-cut oatmeal. I think it will magically eat up and spit out all the cholesterol I ingest every night. I make it with lowfat buttermilk. When I don't have buttermilk I use yogurt, but it makes me angry with myself. I add marmalade or jam if I'm feeling like the world owes me something. More often, fresh—or better, dried—fruit: dates, apricots, dried nectarines. The best was when I had a bunch of spice blends from La Boîte à Epices, especially one called Reims, a mix of star anise, ginger, cinnamon, and cardamom. That spice blend was so good, I forgot about adding sugar.



DANIEL HALPERN **POET/EDITOR** ON SUNDAYS I COOK AT SUNRISE FOR MYSELF, SINCE MY FAMILY SLEEPS UNTIL LUNCH. I MAKE A DISH I CALL SIMPLY "THE FREGG," WHICH COMBINES IN A FRITTATA MY FAVORITE BREAKFAST FOODS: HASH BROWNS, CHIVES, SHALLOTS, BACON, AND EGGS.

CLARISSA HYMAN

FOOD WRITER

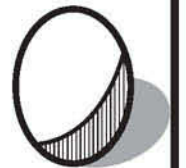
Ceylon Orange Pekoe tea in a china cup; Hadrian spelt bread from Cumbria, toasted, with whey-cream farmhouse butter from Lancashire; and orange marmalade. I enjoy them in my kitchen, wearing my old pink dressing gown, reading yesterday's *Times*.

**LIDIA BASTIANICH** CHEF

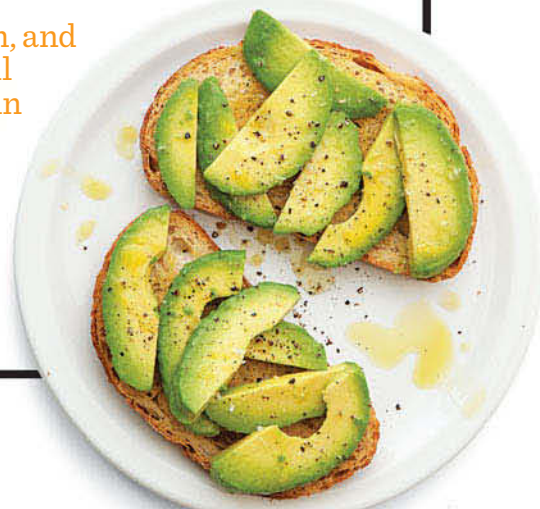
I start my day with *caffè latte con pane*. I heat milk and add two shots of espresso and a teaspoon of honey. Then I break a slice of day-old country bread into the hot caffè latte and dunk it, enjoying it like a morning coffee soup. It is a breakfast we had often as children. Sometimes, if we had leftover polenta, we'd cut it into chunks and use it in the latte instead of milk.

TYLER ANGLE BALLET DANCER

Breakfast is scrambled eggs. I crack them in the pan, throw in some butter, turn on the heat, and stir them constantly like risotto. I take them off the heat and put them back on so that they don't cook too fast, and toward the end, if I have it, I'll fold in some crème fraîche. They really are the best.

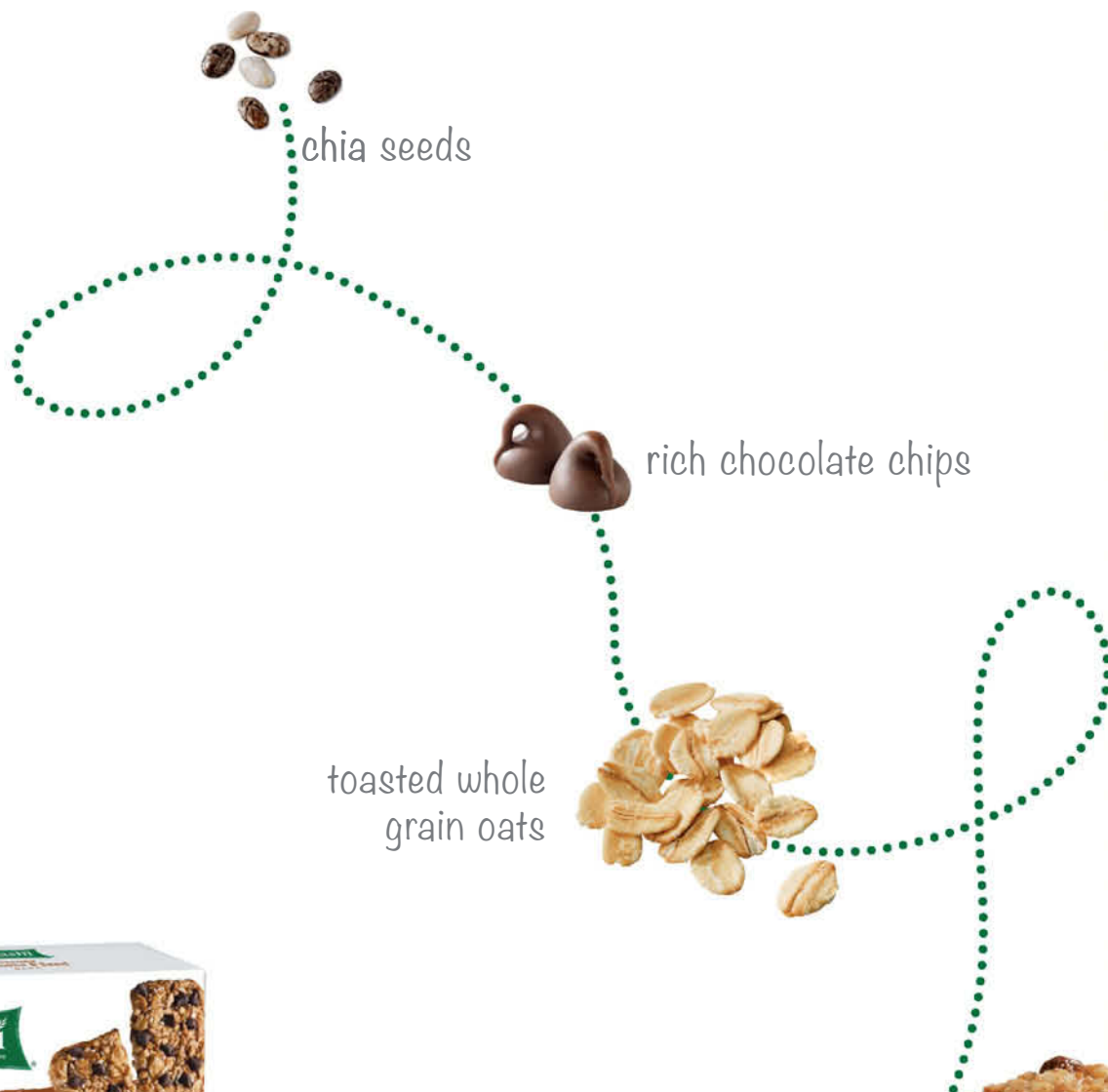
**ANYA VON BREMZEN**

FOOD WRITER I'm Russian, and we love savory breakfasts. I'll happily eat dinner leftovers in the morning, or hummus on apple slices sprinkled with *za'atar* or sumac. Failing that, sourdough rye toast spread with avocado, a few drops of olive oil, and sea salt and pepper fits the bill.

**ALEJANDRO OLIVERA PARADA**

CHEF I like to make an early quesadilla on a whole wheat tortilla stuffed with Chihuahua cheese and strawberry marmalade. It tastes like cheesecake, only funkier.

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NEW BEGINNING

KIEV · UKRAINE

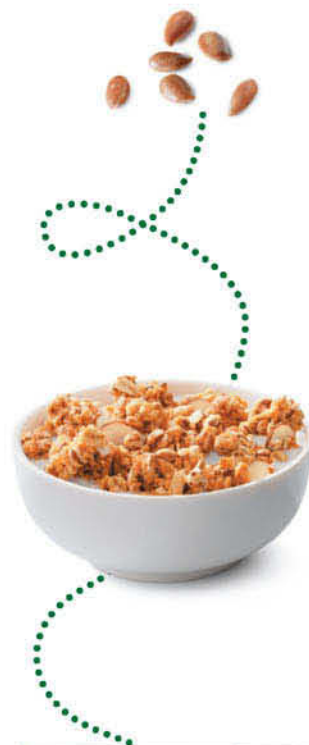


The author slices *syrniki*, a thick cheese-curd pancake, for her son, Ivan.

Breakfasts in Ukraine are simple and satisfying affairs: an omelette or a boiled egg, or maybe some fresh cheese curds with sour cream and sugar. This morning, just before my husband, Igor, heads off to work, we've made one of our son's favorites: *syrniki*, thick little pancakes composed of cheese curds, eggs, flour, and a bit of salt. We fry the pancakes in butter and, as always, serve them with sour cream. Ivan is three, and, like most three-year-olds, he loves anything sweet, so we're topping our *syrniki* with some thick Crimean honey, too. 🍯 The sour cream, honey, and cheese curds came from organic vendors at the Besarab-sky Rynok, Kiev's huge hundred-year-old indoor market, where farmers come from the countryside each morning to sell their products. The market is an important part of life for people in Kiev. It stayed open every day during the protests this winter in Independence Square, just down the street from the market, which is about ten minutes by car from where we live. Going to the market and eating comfort food like *syrniki* together as a family have helped us, and lots of people in Kiev, get through these uncertain times. And no matter what is in store for Ukraine right now, we have a new baby on the way, which makes us feel good, and hungry for the future. —*Khristina Sukhomlin, home cook*

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A Place at the Table

HARDWICK • VERMONT

This morning I'm the breakfast guest of my brother Kei, a garrulous 27-year-old with Down syndrome, at Heartbeet Lifesharing, the community for developmentally disabled adults where he lives. At Kaspar House, one of five spacious living quarters, Hannah Schwartz, Heartbeet's founder, is making buttermilk batter for what she calls crazy day crêpes (see page 85 for recipe) along with a bacon, spinach, and cheese frittata. Beside her is Annie Jackson, a petite 32-year-old who also has Down syndrome. Annie gives Kei and me a warm hug when we arrive, then returns to stirring maple syrup into a bowl of *fromage blanc* for the crêpe filling. Thomas Cusik, a tall, elegant young man, is grating cheese. Once he's done with his task, he kisses Hannah on the forehead and makes a pincher motion with one hand. "What's that mean?" asks Annie. "He wants food!" Hannah interprets with a smile. At half past nine, the rest of the household converges on the dining room. Hannah rolls the crêpes. Sweet stewed peaches, blueberries, and strawberries, just-whipped cream and a glug of amber-colored Vermont maple syrup go over the top. We hold hands, say grace, and then dig in. Each forkful of the frittata is loaded with smoky bacon, and the crêpes are a decadent treat. But what really fills me now is the look of pleasure and pride on my brother's face as he shares this ritual with me. —Karen Shimizu

09 30AM



10:47AM

Above and Beyond

INFLIGHT OVER
WESTERN IRAN

It's still morning local time—whatever local time means when you're at 35,000 feet en route from the Middle East to the United States—but it's night in New York, where we'll be landing in 11 hours, so in the interest of resetting our inner clocks, dinner aboard my flight on Etihad Airways (etihad.com) is served. It starts with a flute of Bollinger La Grande Année Brut champagne and a suggestion from Ancleto Sales, the onboard chef, who

is standing outside the sliding door of my first-class suite: "If it's all right," he says, "I'd like to design a tasting menu for you this evening." That sounds very all right indeed, and before long, a flight attendant arrives bearing a glass of bordeaux grand cru, recommended by the cabin manager, and a plate of sumptuous olive-oil-poached salmon and plump prawns, followed by an extravagantly spiced biryani of fork-tender lamb atop saffron-tinged rice scattered with fried onions and cashews. To finish, there is thick Arabic coffee and date ice cream. It's an excellent meal even by earthbound standards, made all the more impressive by the fact that it was prepared in a cramped flying galley with little more than a steam oven and a microwave. The other perks of my maiden voyage in a first-class cabin on a transoceanic flight are nice—a real bed, soft pajamas, and Wi-Fi—but what I'll never forget is the meal. —*Felicia Campbell*

Etihad Airways chef Ancleto Sales with his lamb biryani (see page 86 for recipe).

FACT:

The first airline meal was served by Britain's Hadley Page Transport on October 11, 1919, during a London-Paris flight. The lunch box, consisting of a sandwich, a piece of fruit, and hot coffee or tea, cost 3 shillings, about 81 cents.



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*Based on two surveys: The PLANSPONSOR magazine 2013 Recordkeeping Survey (© Asset International, Inc.), based on defined-contribution plan assets administered and number of participants of recordkeepers, as of 12/31/2012; and Cerulli Associates' The Cerulli Edge[®]—Retirement Edition, fourth-quarter 2013, based on an industry survey of firms reporting total IRA assets administered for Q3 2013.

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World Magazine

CLOCKING THE COOK: PERFECT TIMING



BATTER UP

Whether you prefer well-browned pancakes with a crunchy edge or a fluffy blond stack, it's all about knowing the right moment to flip that guarantees success. When batter hits a hot skillet, gaseous cells from the baking soda or other leavener expand and form tiny bubbles. If you like your flapjacks pale, flip them as soon as bubbles form along their edges. For a golden brown stack, wait 2 minutes until bubbles appear in the center of the pancake, giving the egg, milk, and butter proteins in the batter time to brown and crisp underneath.

For a recipe, go to saveur.com/pancakes.

SOFT TOUCH

Timing is everything when it comes to boiled eggs (below), where a minute can mean the difference between soft and hard. Our favorite is the mollet egg (from *molle*, French for "soft"), which splits the difference—it has a warm runny yolk and a firm but tender white. To make mollet eggs, bring 8 cups of water to a gentle boil in a 4-qt. saucepan. Lower 4 room-temperature eggs into the water and set a timer for 6 minutes. Transfer the eggs to an ice bath to stop the cooking process but not to chill, 30–45 seconds. Remove to either a plate or an eggcup; use a knife to cut off the narrow end or simply peel.



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THE BEST BLANCH

The simplest technique for cooking vegetables is blanching them in salted boiling water. The secret to perfect doneness is to stop the cooking at exactly the

right instant. Leafy greens like spinach cook in 30–60 seconds—as soon as they begin to wilt, they're done. Sturdy root vegetables like beets and carrots require a longer cook time, 3–7

minutes depending on size; poke them with a knife to test whether they've reached the desired tenderness. Transfer greens and root vegetables alike to an ice bath to halt cooking.

BROWN BEAUTY

Browned butter can go from nutty to burnt-tasting in the blink of an eye. To avoid that, you need to be able to discern its color as it cooks. Using a light-colored skillet, melt butter over medium heat. Bubbles will appear as water evaporates. Once bubbles subside, milk proteins will sink to the bottom while clarified butter, or ghee, floats above. Continue to cook, swirling the skillet. Stop when the solids are golden brown, or *noisette*—delicious in baked goods—or continue until dark brown, or *noir*, to mix with lemon juice as a dressing for seafood or vegetables.



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11:54 AM



BLUE PLATE SPECIAL

HONOLULU

Though we do steady business all day, Ethel's Grill really starts rocking around eleven, when lunch kicks in. Our menu is based on Japanese home-style cooking—Mom and Dad grew up in Japan—so right now Dad and I are making plate after plate of a customer favorite, mochiko chicken, a dish usually made with rice flour. We roll our chicken—meaty thighs marinated in soy sauce, sake, and sugar—in potato starch, frying the pieces until golden brown and crispy, and serving them with rice and ginger-ponzu sauce for dipping. Mom works the grill, flipping the hamburger steak, an enormous pork and beef patty that gets covered with a pile of cool crunchy grated daikon and sprouts. We also start juggling a steady stream of orders for *ahi tataki*, lightly seared tuna that's dressed in our garlic-shoyu sauce and topped with slivers of garlic and finished with nutty sesame oil. Mom and Dad talk to each other in Japanese. I don't speak the language, but I know what they need by looking at them and try to stay a few steps ahead. Most of our customers are regulars, guys from Associated Steel next door who come in three or four times a week. Our menu hasn't changed much in 40 years, but cooking for them never gets old. —Robert Urquidi, manager of Ethel's Grill (232 Kalihi Street; 808/847-6467)

Ahi tataki, seared tuna with garlic-shoyu sauce (top), and mochiko chicken with ponzu sauce (see page 88 for recipe) at Ethel's Grill in Honolulu.

JAMES OSELAND



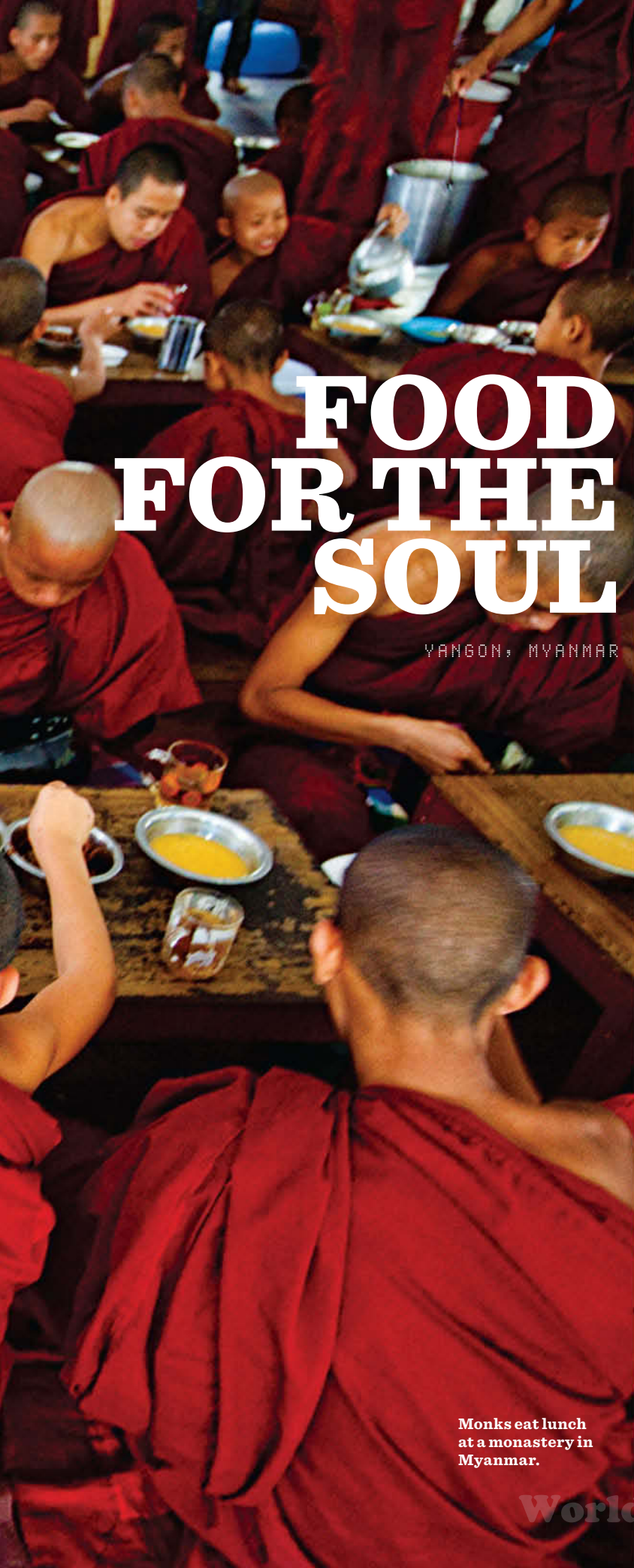
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FOOD FOR THE SOUL

YANGON, MYANMAR

Monks eat lunch
at a monastery in
Myanmar.

Three hundred years ago, Yangon was a small village with not much more than a jetty on the river for pilgrims coming to the Shwe Dagon Pagoda, a magnificent golden-domed Buddhist temple. Today, with a population of 4 million, Yangon is the biggest city in Myanmar. The smaller villages that once surrounded the city are now townships within Yangon, their own monasteries housed in modern buildings.

One of them is the Htu Par Yone Monastery, a six-story box topped by a pagoda, hemmed in by market stalls, with a deep concrete-walled canal running along its side. On some mornings a temporary kitchen shed is erected next to the canal, where volunteers prepare a ritual lunch known as *soon kway* for the monks. The lunches are sponsored by individuals who wish to earn religious merit for themselves or for deceased family members.

Most days I pass by without a second glance, as these offerings are part of the rhythm of everyday life here, but this morning I joined the volunteers in the kitchen. My cousin Thuzar is offering *soon*

kway in memory of her youngest brother, Kyaw, who died suddenly four days ago of a brain aneurysm at 60. We are grieving, shocked by his passing; he had been laughing with his wife when he suddenly collapsed.

We started cooking early in the morning in the makeshift kitchen. Over the course of a few hours, a feast issued forth from the humble kitchen. We prepared *wet thani chet*, red-cooked pork, simmering chunks of meat in a sauce of caramelized sugar, ginger, garlic, and soy sauce for nearly three hours until it was fall-apart tender. We stewed thick slices of turmeric-rubbed deep-fried carp with wedges of onion and rounds of tomato to make *nga jin kyaw chet*. And we made *khayan thee hnut*, eggplant simmered to melting softness in a fantastically pungent curry fortified by shrimp paste (see page 92 for recipe). There were more dishes, too, but they blurred together: As I cooked, I could not ignore the pain in my heart. I kept thinking of Kyaw. Memories of him as an unruly and funny kid flashed through my mind. As an adult he adored his wife and son, as well as his pampered cats.

In the monastery we set out our food on low tables. Thuzar, her other brother, Thaw, and I lifted each table a few inches off the shining wooden floor to symbolically present our dishes to the monks, who accepted the meal, resting open palms on the table-

top. The senior monks served the abbot first, spooning some food from each dish onto his plate of rice before helping themselves. They ate silently, heads bowed and robes tucked in neatly around their feet.

Now, at the end of the meal, the abbot leads us in prayer, calling out Kyaw's name so that he can share the merit from whatever realm he might be in. As Thuzar pours water in an uninterrupted stream to symbolize the unending flow of *samsara*, the life cycle, she calls out, "Please share my merit," three times, weeping quietly. We reply, "Well done!" as our tears too begin to fall unchecked.
—Ma Thanegi, author, *Nor Iron Bars a Cage* (ThingsAsian Press, 2012)



Table for One

NEW YORK CITY

When you work alone at home, time can become shapeless. There are no eleven o'clock meetings or afternoon coffee breaks. The light outside may clue me in to what part of the day it is, but if all is going well, the hours bleed together. But each day there is one distinct moment that never fails to come: the moment when I realize that it's time for lunch. ♡ Lunch feels necessary. It also reminds me of my mother. When I was growing up, my mother worked, and in the evenings, the whole family would sit around the dinner table and recount the day. Sometimes my mother would tell us about a proper meal at a restaurant, but most days she would matter-of-factly describe eating a yogurt at her desk. My mother has always been a worker bee, but she's also a serious foodie. So as a teenager, I was taken aback to hear about the unceremonious way she ate lunch. I might have even judged her. *A yogurt, Mom? Really?* ♡ Two decades later, when I started writing at home, I too found myself eating lunch at my desk. And now, every day, when the hands of the clock meet at the top of the dial, and my hunger kicks in like, well, clockwork, I appreciate the efficiency of something quick and sustaining to get me through the rest of my writing day, before the kids get home from school. ♡ My version of my mother's yogurt is something I invented out of the fridge, with staples we always have on hand. I have a notion that if our kids eat wild rice they will grow up to be successful people, so we keep a Tupperware container filled with it. We have prewashed spinach because it's the one green thing our older son will eat. There is usually some kind of herb—tarragon is my favorite—and then there's the ubiquitous egg, which I fry in olive oil, along with the greens, draping both over a bed of warmed rice. This meal takes minutes to construct. There is room to be inventive, but if you make it exactly the same way every day—which I do—a deeply satisfying regularity develops. It's cooked in one pan and I always eat it out of a beautiful robin's-egg-blue bowl from Ikea that, somehow, is as important as the ingredients. —Isabel Gillies, actress and author, *Starry Night* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 2014)



SHANNON STURGIS

FACT: A study by the American Dietetic Association showed that 62 percent of Americans eat lunch at their desks. The rise of the desk lunch was greatly facilitated by the introduction of the desktop computer in the 1980s.

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RACE TO THE FINISH

NEW YORK CITY

The Three Musketeers: That's who we feel like as we leave the *SAVEUR* test kitchen to do our daily shopping. Over the course of our three-month internships, Whole Foods has become like a small town to us. We see the same people every day, and the guys at the fish and meat departments greet us like old friends. We tell them what we need for today's recipe tests: beef chuck for *rouladen*—German braised beef rolls—and ground beef and veal for meatloaf. We buy whole-grain mustard to season the beef rolls, cocoa powder for short ribs, eggplants for curry, and a long list of other things. On the crowded subway, fellow passengers glare at all our bags hogging precious space. Back in the kitchen, Freddy sets up our stations, and soon the room is full of energy. Short ribs sizzle as I sear them in a Dutch oven; Kaitlin pounds slices of beef with a mallet, then slathers each steak with mustard, wraps it around a pickle spear, and braises it to make the *rouladen*. As the 12:30 P.M. tasting nears, we hustle to plate everything for the editors, then stand back and listen as they taste what we've made. "The short ribs could be more tender," says one; another thinks the curry is too spicy. But the *rouladen* is right on. How can we tell? Everyone goes back for seconds. —Ananda Eidelstein, *SAVEUR* test kitchen intern



08:05AM



08:24AM



09:00AM



09:28AM



09:45AM



10:16AM

Top row, from left: Kaitlin Hill (left) and Ananda Eidelstein (right) discuss the day's recipes with *SAVEUR* test kitchen director Farideh Sadeghin (center); Freddie Mack at the produce section of Whole Foods; Ananda, Kaitlin, and Freddie at the Whole Foods meat counter. Middle row, from left: the shopping list, mostly crossed off; checking out; walking the day's haul from the subway to the *SAVEUR* office. Bottom row, from left: back at work in the *SAVEUR* test kitchen; Kaitlin plates *rouladen* for the 12:30 P.M. tasting. See page 89 for recipe.



11:05AM



12:28PM

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À la Minute

NEW YORK CITY

Clapping his hands for the next round of plates, Jose Lucio, the maitre d'hôtel, tells us we're running behind. I look inside the oven to find my caponata moments from burning. I pull it from the heat with a gasp. So this is what it's like to cook at the James Beard House (jamesbeard.org/events). Chefs travel from across the country to prepare meals in the former West Village home of the American culinary icon. Now it's my turn.

It seems as if the clock is operating on fast-forward. No sooner do pasta dishes leave the kitchen than it's time for the main course. My staff forms an assembly line, brushing celery root purée onto 50 plates, topping each with braised beef short ribs shiny with a cocoa-red wine glaze, and garnishing the dishes with pomegranate seeds

and little piles of micro-greens (pictured, see page 83 for recipe). I pester Jose to divulge reactions. I'm relieved when he says everyone is raving.

My team has come from just blocks away, but we've been prepping for days. In truth, I started training for this decades ago, in my late grandmother's kitchen. Today's goal is to make her proud. As empty plates return from the dining room, I sense she's watching me, and that she's as pleased as I am. —Melissa Muller Daka, chef/co-owner of Bar Eolo (eolonewyork.com) and Pastai (pastai.nyc.com)

01:17PM



INGALLS PHOTOGRAPHY; RINGO CHIU/ZUMA PRESS/ALAMY

FACT:

In 1987, Wolfgang Puck was the first chef to cook at the James Beard House, serving a dinner that included sautéed greens with duck livers and grilled salmon with celery cream. Since then, **more than 6,000 chefs have cooked more than 5,000 meals there.**



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DESK LUNCH: GLOBAL TAKEOUT

KIMBAP SEOUL

This Korean version of maki rolls, adopted during the Japanese occupation in the early 20th century, features rice and vegetables rolled in seaweed with egg, spicy tuna (shown), even Spam.



SUKUMA WIKI NAIROBI

This Kenyan lunch of collard greens, chile-flecked ground meat, and tomatoes, often served with cornmeal or mashed plantain, is such a fortifying part of the workweek that its name means "week pusher."

SMØRREBRØD COPENHAGEN

Dating back to the Middle Ages, when bread was used as a plate, Denmark's ubiquitous open-face sandwiches feature tangy rye bread loaded with toppings like shrimp, hard-boiled egg, cucumber, tomato, and dill.



LEON'S MOROCCAN MEATBALLS LONDON

With boxed lunches like Moroccan meatballs drizzled in a creamy aioli over fresh arugula, Leon has become the go-to takeaway chain for hungry Londoners (leonrestaurants.co.uk).

TOTO PIZZA AUCKLAND
THESE METER-LONG, NARROW NEW ZEALAND PIES COME PILED WITH EVERYTHING FROM TOASTED PINE NUTS, TRUFFLE OIL, AND MUSHROOMS TO COMBINATIONS LIKE HAM, ROSEMARY, AND MOZZARELLA (SHOWN; TOTOPIZZA.CO.NZ).

FISH BALL SOUP HONG KONG

Savory fish balls and rice noodles in a light scallion broth is a lunchtime favorite of office workers, who order it from street vendors set up at the doorsteps of the city's towering skyscrapers.



FALAFEL SANDWICH TEL AVIV

Falafel stands hawk pita stuffed with deep-fried chickpea balls, highly customizable handheld sandwiches that can be topped with a vast range of fresh and pickled vegetables, tahini, and hot sauce.



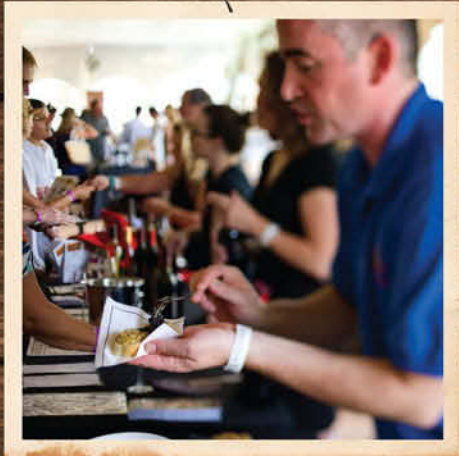
LEMONADE'S WATERMELON RADISH SALAD LOS ANGELES

This salad of heirloom radishes, Ahi tuna, and snap peas dressed in a ginger vinaigrette is a top seller at Lemonade, a fast-casual L.A. chain (lemonadela.com).



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Rite of Spring

KARS • TURKEY

As I walk along the cobblestone streets of Kars in northeastern Turkey today, snow can still be seen in the hills just outside the city. The sky is blue, and the cheerful sunlight makes even the most somber of Kars' sturdy basalt homes glow. Tea houses, which sat empty for months as residents waited out winter's last gasp, now have chairs and tables spilling out of them. Most are occupied by men in wool caps talking soccer scores and, in this dairy region, milk prices. Nearby, in an overgrown lot by the bridge, I spy a man sitting alone beneath a tree. His tablecloth is a newspaper, his lunch, *pide*, a Turkish flatbread, topped with a thick slice of Emmenthal-like gruyère, a cow's milk cheese. Of course there is tea too, his meal a solitary celebration of spring. —Robyn Eckhardt, food writer

01:26PM



A Saucy Dish

BEVAGNA • ITALY

This afternoon, as always, I am preparing the ragù my father taught me to make. He cooked it with pork in the manner of Emilia-Romagna, where I grew up. When I moved to the town of Bevagna in Umbria, to the south, and opened my little trattoria, I chose to use beef as an homage to this region's prized Chianina, a breed of cattle whose belly has the perfect ratio of fat to lean to make a juicy, fragrant sauce. People ask if I use butter in my bolognese. I do not. I use olive oil because the aromas of the beef fat are delicious on their own. I mince the meat and simmer it on a low flame with olive oil; finely minced celery, carrot, and onion; a few tablespoons of a rich *conserva* that I make with tomatoes from my garden; and some local red wine, sagrantino. Its drying tannins contrast with the fat, and it releases the most extraordinary perfume. A couple of bay leaves, and the sauce is done. I prepare fresh tagliatelle every day. When an order comes in, as it did just now, I throw some pasta in a pan with the ragù, a little salt, pepper, and oil, and, for creaminess and a touch of sweetness, some well-aged parmesan. Then I garnish it with whatever herbs I have growing and send it out to the dining room. From the kitchen, I can hear my wife, Enza, wish the diner not "buon appetito," but "buon divertimento"—have fun—because as they eat this dish, they can savor all kinds of beautiful aromas, and it's really a kind of adventure. (See page 90 for recipe.) —Filippo Artoli, chef-owner, La Trattoria di Oscar (Piazza del Cirone 2; 39/0/742-361-107)



SPICE OF LIFE

UBUD • INDONESIA

Lunch at my Balinese husband's family compound in Ubud is served in the informal Indonesian style: Dishes are put out on the rough-hewn wooden table, and family members come when they like, fill their bowls with food, and eat in the kitchen or on the steps facing the compound's central

courtyard.

Today's early afternoon meal is a typical one for us, made up of intensely flavorful dishes that reflect the fundamentals of Bali's cooking: fragrant greens, meats fried with fiery spice pastes, delicious warm salads, and vibrant, versatile chile-based relishes called sambals.

It's a standard lunch, but it sweeps me off of my feet just as it did when I fell in love with this island's cuisine on my first visit here some 30 years ago. There's *jukut jepang*, a mellow dish of sliced chayote simmered in coconut milk with a delicately pungent spice mix that includes earthy galangal, Indone-

sian bay leaves, Kaffir lime leaves, chiles, garlic, red shallots, and shrimp paste. That heady blend of spices and aromatics is a mainstay of the Balinese kitchen, and it's also used to flavor today's *ayam jeruk*, an addictive warm salad of grilled shredded chicken and roasted coconut tinged a bright yellow from fresh turmeric root (see page 83 for recipe), as well as the *babi kecap*, wok-fried pork whose savory-sweet depth comes from the liberal application of the sweet soy sauce called *kecap manis*.

But it's the simplest preparation that I love the best—*sambal goreng tempe* (see page 90 for recipe). For this dish, tempeh, umami-rich fermented soybean cakes, are deep-fried until bronzed and nutty-tasting, and then tossed with a vibrant tomato-and-garlic sambal.

As I fill my bowl, I make sure to take an extra helping of *urab*, a punchy salad of blanched amaranth. The greens were picked up just hours ago from the market a short walk away, then chopped and combined with crisp soy sprouts, fire-roasted grated coconut, and a spicy *sambal goreng* made with red shallots, garlic, chiles, and shrimp paste fried in coconut oil. And at the center of my plate, as always, I put a big helping of steamed rice, that anchor of every Indonesian meal, against which these lavishly spiced dishes shine like the jewels they are. —Janet DeNeeffe, author, *Bali: The Food of My Island Home* (Pan MacMillan Australia, 2011)

JAMES OSELAND: VALENTYN VOLKOV/ALAMY (RICE)

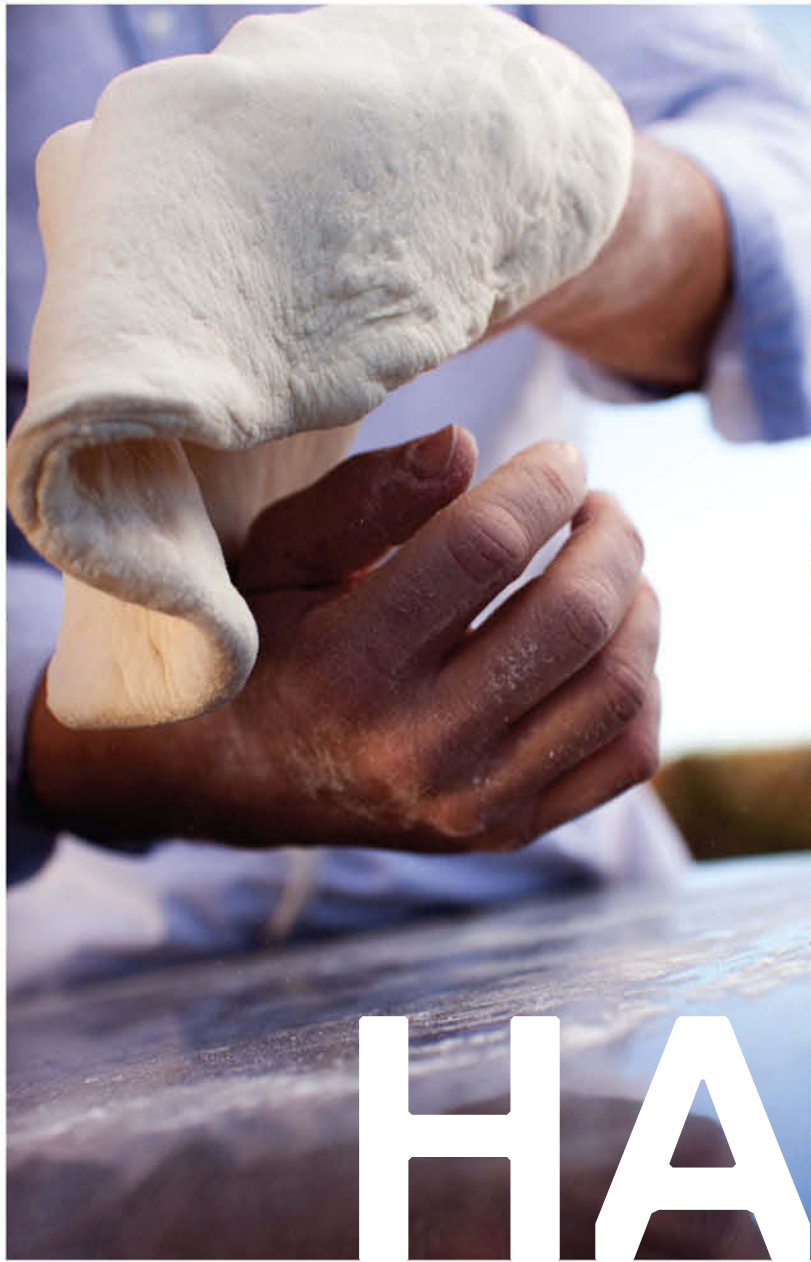


Erick Ante, a family friend, enjoys lunch at the author's in-laws' home in Ubud, Indonesia.

FACT:

A staple food for more than half of the world's population, **rice makes up 20 percent of global caloric intake**. Myanmar consumes the most rice per capita (1.27 pounds per person per day), followed by Vietnam (1.03 pounds) and Bangladesh (0.97 pounds).





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FACT: According to Buddhist tradition, **lunch is the most important meal of the day**. In the words of the Diamond Sutra, a fourth-century collection of eat; and midnight is when spirits eat." By encouraging his disciples to have their main meal at midday, Buddha aimed to free their afternoons and

Coming Home

SUZHOU • CHINA

The kitchen fills with the scent of frying scallions, one of my favorite aromas in the world. My friend Zhang Qun, who is doing the frying, knows this because when I first met her at her tiny restaurant in Beijing, it was her glorious noodle soup drizzled with scallion oil that I loved the most. I raved about the green onions' fragrance, which wreathed every noodle. Now we're in Qun's hometown, Suzhou, the ancient Yangtze River city whose name means "heaven on earth." Qun is here to show off for her grandmother and two of her aunts, who are hosting a mini family reunion lunch. Qun, who originally moved to Beijing to pursue a career in art, has kept one major detail of her life a secret from her family: None of them know yet that she has started a restaurant and is an exceptional cook. "In fact," Qun told me earlier, "they think I can't cook at all."

Qun intends to prove her mettle with the scallion-infused noodle soup and her excellent version of *fu pi juan*, tofu-skin-and-minced-pork rolls wrapped in bamboo leaves and simmered in chicken broth—both variations on Suzhou specialties— but also with a dish of her own invention: a whole roasted bream basted in extra-rich Japanese mayonnaise.

While Qun works in the kitchen, her aunts and grandmother are in the other room, fin-

ishing a first round of their own preparations. Cooked with brisk, no-nonsense efficiency, their dishes are spare but wonderful: shrimp steamed with ginger, a mild soup of winter melon and cloud ear mushrooms, fish steamed in wine with a touch of sugar, and a delicious stir-fry of soybeans and *sigua*, Chinese loofah. Qun's grandmother, 98 years old and renowned locally for her cooking skills, even got in on the action at one point, shooing the aunts aside so she could make *you zheng qiezi*, eggplant that she browned slowly in a wok with salt and oil until its skin blistered and its flavor turned deliciously briny.

Finally, Qun breaks the news about her career as a big-city chef and brings out her trio of dishes. The older women seem amused and pleased by the revelation, but Qun doesn't look fully relaxed until her grandmother lifts a spoonful of the scallion noodle soup to her lips, closes her eyes contemplatively for a moment, and, without further ado, makes quick work of the dish. —Georgia Freedman, *SAVEUR* contributing editor


SPECIAL ISSUE



Clockwise from top left: tomatoes, corn, stir-fried eggplant; Chinese loofah with soy beans (see page 92 for recipe); red-stemmed greens; stir-fried dried vegetables; melon and cloud ear mushroom soup; blanched shrimp; stewed chicken; steamed bream; stewed pumpkin; loofah with soybeans.

ARIANA LINDQUIST

Buddhist proverbs: "Dawn is when the gods eat; noon is when the buddhas eat; dusk is when animals evenings from thoughts of food, so that they might better contemplate the divine."

A round, golden-brown fritata is served on a white, textured plate. The fritata is topped with melted yellow cheese, sliced red bell peppers, sliced white potatoes, and wilted spinach. It is garnished with finely chopped green herbs. A single slice has been removed from the bottom right, revealing the thick, golden-brown crust. The plate is set on a light-colored, textured tablecloth with faint floral patterns.

Potato, spinach,
and red pepper frit-
tata (see page 88 for
recipe).

PICNIC BY THE SEA

LOUISBURGH · IRELAND

From my window, the only road visible looks like a distant S that's been stamped onto the hillside. To the left rises the great rocky Mweelrea, the highest mountain in my home province of Connacht in County Mayo, Ireland. The neighbors, all sheep farmers, refer to it as "the hill." Rare is the day when the hill's summit, 2,688 feet up, appears below the clouds. On the horizon, I can see the choppy, glittering blue water of the Atlantic reflecting the clouds that race toward land.

On this early afternoon in May, Charissa, my daughter, and I decide to take a walk along the headland, knowing from experience that we'll see something sublime. We've brought along a picnic of sorts, a frittata I made yesterday. It retains a memory of warmth, dense with potato, spinach, red peppers, onion, and parmesan.

The sky at this time of day is like a watercolor paint box. So it will be no surprise if either a solitary shaft of sun picks out a spit of land, emerald green against the dull brown bog, or a black rainstorm funnels straight down from

the clouds out at sea.

As we walk, we are reminded that this is an edge-of-the-world place. The islands we see from here—Cahir and Inishturk, Inishbofin and Clare—are marked by the last footprints humanity treads between us and the vast ocean. The crude physical landscape makes us feel slight. To reach the water, we cross a pasture where harebells and bog cotton grow, where in the midday dampness we find young puffball mushrooms, springy and white. We collect them in our pockets so we can take them home to slice up, dip in egg and bread crumbs, and fry in butter and garlic.

Everywhere there are sheep nibbling the grass right down to the earth. Boulders stand like petrified animals from a distant age.

Along the shore, as we follow black rocks stippled with sharp barnacles and mussels, seabirds wheel and toss like foam in the wind—gulls, cormorants, oystercatchers, and a stray couple of herons with rapier beaks and their long Vs of wing. We see dolphins arcing in the bay, chasing mackerel. At the end of the jagged headland, we scramble up a rocky crest, and all is revealed.

The view of desolate Thallabawn, with its band of pure gold sand below stretching

apparently to infinity, is the most beautiful I know. There is the beauty you see for the first time and are swept away by, and there is the known beauty that works its magic on you again and again—a beauty that takes your heart prisoner.

We strip down and jump into the breakers, then dry ourselves by running along the beach. Afterward, ravenous, we devour our lunch, holding the spongy wedges of frittata in our hands and savoring the interplay of sweet pepper and rich parmesan. We search the sand for tiny shells to stick onto shell boxes for Christmas. We ford the river that crosses the beach as it rushes out to sea. At high tide the water can come up to our shoulders, but right now we just roll our jeans to our thighs and stride across.

Three hours from now we will arrive back home. Lapsang Souchong tea and carrot cake with a shock of mascarpone icing and flecks of lime zest will fill the hungry gap. We will savor the walk and store it in our memories until it's time to go back and nourish our souls again. —*Tamasin Day-Lewis, author, The Art of the Tart: Savory and Sweet (Random House, 2001)*

Tiki Time

WEST BOYLSTON · MASSACHUSETTS

The mai tai at Dragon 88, a scruffy suburban Chinese restaurant an hour west of Boston, is the color of tea. It's served over crushed ice, a plastic skewer spearing maraschino cherries and pineapple chunks emerging from a fine white froth on its top. Like all the best tiki drinks, this one possesses a flavor that is hard to place: fruity, tangy, tart, and boozy all at once (see page 92 for a recipe). And while it's still the middle of the afternoon, well ahead of cocktail hour, no one at Dragon 88's battered wooden bar is drinking anything else.

When someone orders one, the bartender shouts "Yessssuhl!" like a native-born Massachusettsian—though his name is Dave Chow and he's from Myanmar—and he dips a ladle into a vat filled with golden liquid. He decants the concoction into an ice-filled mixing glass, tosses in a slice of lime, pops a Boston shaker over the top, and shakes with a curious delicacy: pinkie in the air, head cocked toward the glass, as if listening to a whispering child.

The 88 in the restaurant's name refers to the year Dave Chow opened it. He had come to the U.S. 15 years before and perfected his mai tai while working at another area restaurant called Honolulu. He won't share his recipe, and after drinking quite a few over pupu platters with my



husband, Amol, I can say with confidence only that it's got plenty of rum. That's fine because we're here to feel at home again, though we haven't lived in Massachusetts, where we grew up, for years. Tonight at Dragon 88 we can hang out and yell at the Sox on TV. We can let our accents creep back. You know how people like to justify an early drink by saying "It's five o'clock somewhere"? For us, that somewhere is Dragon 88 (260 Shrewsbury Street, Boylston; 508/869-6558). —*Sarah DiGregorio, food editor, Parade magazine*



Afternoon Delights

ABU DHABI

Taken after midday prayers, *al-ghada'a*, or lunch, is something to linger over in the Arabian Gulf. Before me today at Al Arish, a traditional Emirati seafood restaurant in Abu Dhabi's Mina Zayed Port, is a platter of *rubyan meshwi*, massive grilled prawns slathered in a tomato and soy sauce marinade spiked with chiles and white pepper, as well as *samak meshwi*, whole grilled shaari—flaky, white-fleshed Persian Gulf bream—brought ashore this morning on one of the wooden dhows that still ply the waters off this booming port city. The fish's charred skin is redolent of cinnamon and black pepper thanks to *besar*, a heady blend of cumin, coriander, and other spices. My server brings out fragrant basmati rice and a dish of ghee to drizzle over the top. *Al-ghada'a* is a meal meant to be shared, but since I'm traveling alone, I strike up a conversation with the three men seated at the table next to mine. They're college pals who get together whenever they can, which, one notes, is less often these days. Over the past 40 years deserts dotted with Bedouin tents and coastal fishing villages have transformed into steel metropolises where Western-style workdays and fast-food chains have edged in on *al-ghada'a*. Still, as a waiter pours rose water on our hands to end the meal at Al Arish (aldhafra.net), the friends insist that lingering lunches are one tradition they'll try to maintain. —Felicia Campbell

Mohammed Aqlan (left) and Saleh Rahma share a lunch of grilled prawns (see page 89 for recipe) and grilled sea bream at Al Arish in Abu Dhabi.



04:00PM

MODERN FAMILY

VAN NUYS • CALIFORNIA



This afternoon I am less concerned with cooking dinner than I am with ensuring that my middle-school-age daughters, with their many and ever-changing activities, are not accidentally left by the side of the freeway. My car's Costco merchandise-filled trunk is our pantry, and our dinners together these days are more likely than not to occur at four in the afternoon—or as I call it, the Hour of Divorced Parents.

As usual, I picked up the girls at three o'clock, and their dad will get off work at six, so he'll be delighted that they're delivered fed, at which point Mom will slink off for a vodka tonic and a marathon of old *Breaking Bad* episodes. Four o'clock is actually a good time for us to eat. While the hour of the wolf is generally thought to be four in the morning, I find my own inner wolf emerges at four in the afternoon, which I also call the Hour of the Precipitous Glucose Drop. Anyway, my 11-year-old and 13-year-old have been up since 6 A.M. and have long since traded their lunches for hideous "fun" foods like Takis (don't ask). They are ravenous.

Where does one dine at four in the afternoon? At the Hometown Buffet family restaurant (hometownbuffet.com) in Van Nuys, of course, or as we like to call it, the HoBu. "Let's make it a HoBu night!" we exclaim with mock TV cheer, flipping our arms as though we're actually throwing in the culinary towel.

In truth, the HoBu is a welcoming oasis. As in a Las Vegas casino, the friendly waitstaff make no reference to time of day. Gentle 1970s hits (Joni Mitchell, Crosby Stills & Nash) soothe us as we join the wide cross-section of humanity that also enjoys dining when the sun is still high. This includes eccentric folk of all stripes who appear to have just left their living rooms, wandering through the HoBu in their bathrobes, slippers, and pajamas.

No matter. We're all just really, really happy to be here. It's not only the clown making balloon animals (oh, yes!) that lends a sense of congeniality. It's the fact that for just \$14 we get all the salt and fat we could possibly want. Over there is the taco bar and pasta bar, and here, under glowing heat lamps, is the island with popcorn shrimp and all of its naughty brethren, and next to that is what I've dubbed "comfort food row"—fried chicken, mashed potatoes, brown gravy, and mushy green beans, calling to mind the tasty TV dinners of my childhood. Beyond is the carvery, complete

with the carver himself in crisp chef's hat and apron (all for \$14, people! Just \$14!), plus a full sundae bar and slushy machines. On Thursdays there's even a lady holding aloft pink and blue torches of fresh cotton candy.

The Hometown Buffet is a defiantly joyous bit of Americana, down to the Norman Rockwell prints in the bathroom. It's like a county fair that never ends, right here in Los Angeles, the city of used car lots.

I dig in with the girls, savoring crispy fried chicken wings, gooey mac 'n' cheese, saucy lasagna. As my daughters sprinkle M&M's and Oreos on their sundaes in these last few innocent years of slender teenhood, we are filled with HoBullience. It is late afternoon, a time between worlds, where we float along with the other gypsies, and we've made it ours. —Sandra Tsing Loh, author, *The Madwoman in the Volvo: My Year of Raging Hormones* (W.W. Norton, 2014)

ILLUSTRATION: OLIVER WINWARD

FACT:

Named for the piece of table-like furniture that it was served on, the buffet as we know it was invented in France in the 17th century as a way for dinner guests to get an advance preview of the meal to come.

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Life of the Party

ST. PETERSBURG:
FLORIDA

As a professional chef, there's nothing I love more than the challenge of a dinner party—especially when it's mine. Tonight, for an early dinner I'm throwing for a few friends, I'm making pan-seared wild-caught grouper, which I bought this morning at Sammy's, my favorite St. Petersburg fishmonger. After searing the thick fillets in butter and thyme, I decide to make the most of Florida's prized produce with a citrus sauce, which will contrast nicely with the fish's meaty, rich flesh. I start by reducing orange juice and white wine in a pan. Then, to offset the slight bitterness you get when orange juice cooks down, I throw in some sweet lump crabmeat and a few pinches of bright, tart sumac. At the last minute, I decide to add a final aromatic touch—pickled fennel—which I'll pile atop the fish before pouring on the sauce (see page 87 for recipe). Alongside the fish I'll serve baby kale salad with a lemon vinaigrette, toasted pine nuts, and pecorino.

The meal will wrap up, I've decided, with a dish that will once again highlight Florida citrus: my version of lemon posset, an old-fashioned English dessert I learned to make when I was working at the Connaught Hotel in London. It's really simple, just heavy cream and sugar heated together, mixed with lemon juice, strained, and poured into ramekins to chill. When we sit down to eat, I know I will be surrounded by contentment.

—Jeffrey Jew, chef





The author, holding his baby kale salad, is surrounded by friends in St. Petersburg, Florida.

JAMES ROPER

HAPPY HOUR: BAR SNACKS

CROSTINI DI SCAMPI VENICE

The Venetian happy hour is a moveable feast between *bàcari*, or wine bars, like Osteria da Fiore (dafiore.net/en), where crostini topped with shrimp and rosemary are among the city's favorite small plates, called *cicheti*.



THE BEL-AIR CLUB LOS ANGELES

Amid the celebrity clientele at the Hotel Bel-Air's Bar & Lounge (dorchestercollection.com), the real head-turner is the house club sandwich: a triple-decker stack of thick-cut bacon, maple-glazed turkey, ham, Gruyère, tomatoes, lettuce, and a fried egg slathered in herb mayo.

CHICKEN LIVER TOAST LOUISVILLE

At Louisville's Proof on Main (proofonmain.com), chef Levon Wallace flambees chicken livers in Kentucky bourbon and serves them on grilled bread with spicy glazed pecans and a drizzle of deep, sweet aged balsamic.

DJUPSTEIKTUR CAMEMBERT REYKJAVIK

In Iceland, where bargoers favor frosty Einstök ales, the lava-like, deep-fried Camembert at Nauthóll (nautholl.is), topped with raspberry jam, dried cranberries, and a mustard vinaigrette, counters the chill.



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PATATAS BRAVAS BARCELONA

In Spain, the stopgap to late-night dinners is bar snacks like *patatas bravas*—fried potatoes slathered with pimentón-spiked tomato sauce and mayonnaise; the atmospheric Bar Mut (barmut.com) in Barcelona serves an exemplary version.



BONDIOLA SANDWICH MONTEVIDEO

At Café Roldós in Uruguay's Mercado del Puerto (roldos.com.uy), a blended drink of sparkling and still wines goes with crustless buttered sandwiches of bibb lettuce and prosciutto-like *bondiola*.





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06:32PM

WHEN THE WORK IS DONE

MEXICO CITY

The pressure cooker rattles ominously on the stove. And I can't help wincing as 13-year-old Ana Laura blithely jams a butter knife under the lid to release a hiss of steam. The pork loin simmering inside is destined for one of her favorite dishes: *cochinita pibil*, the pulled pork of Mexico's Yucatán Peninsula that is marinated in the juice of bitter oranges. This being an apartment in the middle of the biggest public housing complex in Mexico City, doing the dish the traditional way—slow-roasting the pork in a pit in the ground—isn't an option. So Ana Laura's mother, Susana Rangel Gutierrez, a youthful woman with boundless energy, has developed a quicker stovetop version. Cooking is Susana's livelihood. She works as a caterer and street vendor, selling tamales on a busy corner to passersby each morning as they head out to work. But now, as the day winds down, she is cooking for her family—and she's invited me to join them. Gerardo, her 22-year-old son, arrives with his girlfriend, Mariana, followed by his sister Monserrat, 23. Everyone gathers at a table in the living room. There's the *cochinita pibil*, tinted a vivid crimson by the spice *achiote*; a tangy green stew of tomatillos, potatoes, and strips of cactus paddle, garnished with crunchy shards of pork rind; and the centerpiece of the meal, a whole chicken stuffed with spinach, mushrooms, and Manchego cheese and roasted to a deep golden brown (see page 88 for recipe). There are warm tortillas and velvety black beans laced with avocado leaf, which lends a mild anise flavor, plus a freshly made salsa. Susana's husband, a security guard, won't get home for hours. When he does arrive, there will be plenty of great leftovers waiting for him. —Beth Kracklauer, food editor, The Wall Street Journal's "Off Duty" section



Susana Rangel Gutierrez (right) and her son, Gerardo, enjoy (clockwise from left) chicken stuffed with spinach, mushrooms, and cheese; *cochinita pibil*; and nopales stew.



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Still Cooking

QUEENS:
NEW YORK

My husband, Kokkiang, and I are Cantonese, but we both grew up in Malaysia, where we met. For years we owned a Malaysian-Chinese restaurant in Queens. But now that we're retired, we have more time to cook for family and friends. Tonight we are making a feast for our daughter Elaine and some of those friends. The dishes we like to cook are similar to the ones people eat in southern China but often with a Malaysian, Thai, or Indian twist. We try to make sour, spicy, sweet, and salty flavors harmonize. Kokkiang has prepared succulent braised pork flavored with ginger, star anise, aromatic cloves, and cumin. The dish is often called *wang choy chow sau*, which translates to "wind-fall of cash within arm's reach." He's also made a steamed whole sea bass with a silky brown bean sauce that gets an extra dose of flavor from a red chile paste called *sambal oelek*. We always try to make our dishes look as beautiful as possible. For tonight's vegetable dish, we arranged bright green baby bok choy around the edge of a plate of enoki and shiitake mushrooms cooked in a ginger broth. And to garnish the braised pork, Kokkiang cut a red chile pepper to look like a blooming flower, to put us in the mood to celebrate. —Helen Thong, home cook



A Malaysian-inspired feast, clockwise from top: mixed vegetables in ginger broth; steamed bass; mushrooms with dried mussels and sea moss; braised pork belly (see page 91 for recipe); steamed chicken; and shrimp with tomatoes.

WHEN DINNER BECOMES A DIARY

HUDSON VALLEY • NEW YORK

07:59PM

I have never been able to keep a diary, and I've always been sorry about it. That's especially true when I run into an old acquaintance who tells me about the fun we had at some party I'm sure I attended but just can't seem to remember. At the very least I could have managed to keep a travel diary. I've been to so many places. And no snapshot could possibly convey what it was like to be in Afghanistan in 1970 or Prague soon after the Berlin Wall came down.

The closest thing I have to a diary is food—that is, my memories of food. Luckily, my husband, Howie, has a stronger memory than I do. He has an uncanny ability to recall and re-create the dishes we've eaten together during the past 40 years. The meals he constructs have the power to evoke a particular moment in a particular place—to bring back sounds and smells and flavors that we otherwise might have forgotten.

Like a diary, these dishes remind us of both good times and bad. One cold, miserable winter, I commuted three hours each way for a teaching job in Baltimore, and every so often—out of pity—Howie would accompany me. To cheer ourselves up, we'd splurge on dinner at the DoubleTree Hotel restaurant on the edge of Johns Hopkins University's campus that served an amazing grilled cod with clams on a bed of potatoes sliced paper thin with a mandoline and broiled until they were slightly crispy

around the edges. That awful winter, that arduous job, are far in the past, but we can recall their saving grace over a dish of cod, clams, and potatoes.

By far the best meals Howie makes are like the one we're having tonight—a single dish that corrals different memories from differ-

ent locales and combines them in a whole new way. In this case it's *tarako* spaghetti, pasta with pollock roe, bread crumbs, leeks, and dashi. It's a delicious dish, but the pleasures go far beyond taste: It is like a lightning tour of all the places we've been that inspired it. Twirling each forkful is as good as watching a home movie of memorable meals, taking us back to the Italian town of Matera, farther south to Sicily, eastward toward Japan, then back here to our house in New York's Hudson Valley on this spring evening.

In Catania, on the eastern coast of Sicily, we once ate lunch at a small restaurant with a view of a fish market that was sunny and beautiful, its aisles lined by narrow troughs running with fish guts. Now, as I eat, I can recall the fishermen who walked into the market shouting because they had a freshly caught tuna that must have weighed 150 pounds. Our waiter ran outside to join everyone else, all of them just standing there staring at the giant tuna. Then he came back in and served us the greatest *pasta ai ricci*, pasta with sea urchin, we've ever tasted.

Digging deeper, we remember how, a week or so later, in the Mandralisca Museum in the town of Cefalù, not far from Palermo, we saw a Greek vase, painted four cen-

turies before the birth of Christ, on which a tuna vendor was depicted, slicing into a giant fish that looked shockingly like the one we'd just seen in Catania.

Howie has also laced the pasta with his version of the bread crumbs we enjoyed so much in Matera, the gorgeous biblical-looking city in southern Italy where Pasolini and, later, Mel Gibson made their movies based on the New Testament gospels. (You can stay in cave hotels there; it's one of my favorite places on earth.) In Matera they serve pasta with dried red peppers and bread crumbs and lots of olive oil. While fried bread crumbs are considered poverty cuisine, there they are raised to the realm of the celestial. And in Howie's dish, they add a pleasant element of crunch to the pasta, as well as the fish roe, which takes us back to Kyoto, where Howie discovered the life-changing powers of dashi, Japan's endlessly versatile fish and seaweed stock, which ramps up the pasta's flavor, delivering the perfect amount of sweet, sour, and salt to each bite.

As a child, I did try keeping a diary. And somewhere in my house, most likely in a dusty filing cabinet, are several velvet-covered books embossed in gold script with the words "My Diary." Inside they're all more or less the same: five, maybe six consecutive days of writing in the heartbreakingly perfect printing of my former self—"School was fun today!" "Bobby is a little pig!"—then a gap of a few days, then a day of writing, then a week empty, a few lines, then nothing. A fat little book with a broken lock. The dish we're eating now brings back something far more vivid: a market in Catania, a bustling trattoria in Matera, a restaurant in Kyoto. It also holds the promise of a future memory, of this very moment in time—a memory of eating a scrumptious pasta dish with my husband in our house in the country. —*Francine Prose, author, Lovers at the Chameleon Club, Paris 1932 (HarperCollins, 2014)*



Tarako spaghetti, pasta with pollock roe, bread crumbs, leeks, and dashi (see page 91 for recipe).

ANDRE BARANOWSKI. FACING PAGE: JAMES ROPER

FACT:

The 19th-century English novelist William Makepeace Thackeray was an early fan of food memoirs, once writing that, "Next to eating good dinners, a healthy man with a benevolent turn of mind, must like, I think, to read about them."

SPECIAL ISSUE



Waitstaff at the register near the entrance to Café des Musées in Paris.



Mags.net

My Belly of Paris

PARIS

It's a rainy spring night, and I'm running late to meet my partner, Bruno, for dinner. My umbrella is broken, but I know it'll all be just fine once I get to the Café des Musées.

I've been dining at chef Pierre Lecoutre's place in the rue de Turenne ever since it opened in 2005, and it's become my textbook bistro. It's where I go when I don't want to think about where to go to dinner—or where I send friends who say they “don't get French food,” which usually means they need to unlearn the notion that it's fancy. The lessons to be digested at Café des Musées (cafedesmusees.fr) are that great Gallic grub is incredibly fresh, it tastes of what it is, and there is no life without alliums. All of them.

I get a glare from Bruno when I spot him in the dining room, but a minute later we're drinking crisp white saumur and sharing mauve slabs of cognac-infused foie gras and unguent chicken liver terrine with toasted country bread and mesclun. It's impossible to sustain a bad mood in this room, which is warm and busy and full of the sound of people laughing. Since Bruno is a *frites*-loving guy from northern France, his bliss deepens when his hand-chopped steak tartare arrives alongside a mound of some of the best fries in Paris. Few things make me happier than slipping a clove of roasted smoked garlic out of its skin to spread over my juicy *échine de porc*, a flavorful fat-veined cut of pork shoulder that's gorgeously caramelized from being cooked on the grill. This is the way the food tasted—earthy and vivid—when I first visited Paris as a teenager; it reminds me why I moved here almost 30 years ago. —Alexander Lobrano, author, *Hungry for France* (Rizzoli, 2014)

08:45PM

WorldMags.net

Sweet Spot

BUDAPEST • HUNGARY

The evening is winding down at Centrál Kávéház, an opulent café. Now, beneath the chandeliers and high painted ceiling, a pair of tourists sip coffee and pore over a map, and a couple talks quietly while enjoying glasses of red wine. A plate clinks gently on my marble tabletop as the waiter sets down my reward for a long day of work: a luscious piece of *krémes*, my favorite pastry, and a glass of tokaj szamorodni, a sweet Hungarian white wine. Such a combination would be a rare luxury elsewhere, but in Hungary it's not unusual to indulge in a tippie and fancy dessert for no reason at all. The *krémes*, which is Hungary's answer to the napoleon, is a confection of unsurpassed elegance. It's a local favorite, sparking passionate debates about where the best ones can be found, and whether they should have two layers of puff pastry or three. Ribbed with thick, vanilla-scented pastry cream, it is not the sort of thing one bakes at home. Rather, when the craving strikes, we residents of Budapest head to a *cukrászda* (patisserie) or a *kávéház* (coffeehouse) to satisfy it. And the wine—redolent of dried apricots, candied orange peel, and caramel—is a Hungarian treasure. So is this café. Founded in 1887, Centrál Kávéház (centralkavehaz.hu) stayed open around the clock in its heyday, a second home for writers and artists. The fledgling communist government closed it in 1949, but in 1999, after a restoration, the café reopened and resumed its role as the kind of place that beckons you to savor a pastry and revel in the pleasure of living in this civilized city. —Carolyn Banfalvi, author, *Food Wine Budapest* (Little Bookroom, 2008)

08:56PM



HELEN ROSNER

Krémes, a napoleon-like pastry, is a favorite late-evening sweet in Budapest.

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DOWN MEMORY LANE

PALMYRA • NEW JERSEY



09:10PM

Approaching the Tacony-Palmyra Bridge on a visit to Philadelphia this evening, I am flooded with memories. In the summer of 1982, before my freshman year at Yale, I worked as a toll collector on this old-fashioned drawbridge spanning the Delaware River from south Jersey to northeastern Philadelphia. I loved my job working the night shift. It started around that magical hour when traffic slows to a trickle. The whole world seemed to come past my booth then—bankers, politicians, prostitutes, Atlantic City gamblers, truckers—and every shift was like a moving buffet.

One night I had just sat down when a well-muscled guy pulled up and gave me a strawberry-topped slice of cheesecake; it turned out he was an exotic dancer on his way home from a bachelorette party, and the cake had been part of his tip. Another night a Tastykake delivery man reached into the back of his truck and pulled out a whole box of Butterscotch Krimpets to give me. They were still warm from the oven in the Philadelphia factory where they were baked.

But it was our staff breaks that I remember most fondly, when a few of my fellow toll takers and I would shut down our lanes before

congregating for a meal in the break lounge, a bare-bones room with scuffed linoleum that was filled with the camaraderie of a firehouse. Our shift supervisor, Joe, big-hearted and bigger-bellied, used to heat homemade chili or spaghetti and meatballs on the kitchenette stove. The tomatoes for his red sauce were grown in his backyard in Camden.

Another toll collector used to bring a giant cheese-filled stromboli with provolone and mozzarella cheese, red peppers, and broccoli rabe (see page 85 for recipe) to feed the whole crew. An incomparably delicious cousin of the calzone, it came from the Pennsylvania side of the bridge, where there was a pizza shop, Romano's, that claimed to be its birthplace. Those meals, eaten in the dead of night, would keep me going until the morning, when I'd hop the jitney down to Atlantic City for a casino buffet breakfast and then sleep on the beach until it was time to head home and get ready for the next shift.

Now, as the cars surrounding me wend toward the E-ZPass lanes, I choose to pay my toll in cash—wishing I had a box of Butterscotch Krimpets in the back to give to the attendant.
—Meryl Rosofsky,
adjunct professor,
Nutrition, Food Studies
& Public Health, New
York University

DYLAN HO, ILLUSTRATION: OLIVER WINWARD



Longtime Love

LOS ANGELES

The evening is well underway, and I'm hungry in the incredible food city of Los Angeles, but rather than eating in the digs of some talented chef, I'm sitting in a touristy octogenarian Fairfax cantina. Why? Because 35 years ago when the busboy with the feathered '70s hairdo whispered "gracias" and flashed me a dazzling smile as he cleared my plate, I fell in love with El Coyote. Back home in Philadelphia, the guys in my ninth-grade class ignored me, and the closest I got to Mexican food was a 45-minute drive with my older brother to a suburban Taco Bell. But in L.A. at El Coyote (elcoyotecafe.com), I was flirted with and the enchiladas suizas were loaded with chicken and sweet onions; they were bathed in a spicy, tangy tomatillo sauce and gooey with the Monterey Jack cheese that puddled around them (see page 86 for recipe). My West Coast aunt ordered the cheese enchiladas; they were earthy with red chiles. She snuck me a sip of her margarita, and I thought this old joint was the most marvelous of Edens. I still do. The busboys are just boys now, but the enchiladas being placed before me at my table right now, with their crowning dollop of sour cream punctuated by fresh cilantro? Those have stayed in my heart.

—Betsy Andrews

09:27PM

Waiter Jorge Gamboa with the enchiladas suizas at El Coyote in Los Angeles.

09:44PM

Into the Night

CHENGDU · CHINA

It's muggy outside tonight, as I cut down an alley in Chengdu, Sichuan, and I'm hit with the smell of dried chiles frying in rapeseed oil. I follow the scent to a tiny nook of a restaurant where I see a man wearing shorts and a white paper cap working a wok set over leaping flames. At a table just outside the place, four men seated on stools hold bowls of rice in one hand and chopsticks in the other, diving into plates of corn with slabs of *la rou* (cured and dried pork smoked over pine boughs), mustard leaves threaded with scallion greens and studded with chiles, and *mapo* tofu showered with Sichuan peppercorns and bathed in red oil. As I leave the alley I snap a picture of a street sign, marking my coordinates for dinner tomorrow.

—David Hagerman, photographer





10:05PM

Serious Pleasure

LONDON

It is after nine, that time of night when Londoners like to eat, and the dining room at Hibiscus, chef Claude Bosi's restaurant in Mayfair, is full. This used to be a tight-laced space of thick carpets and caramel wood veneer, but a recent redesign loosened its corset. There is a bare wood floor, the walls are in stylish shades of gray, and some clientele are clad in jeans. Few men wear neckties. Hibiscus (hibiscusrestaurant.co.uk) may have two Michelin stars, and its Lonnais-born chef's cooking may be serious, but the mood is not. In 2007, when he opened in London, Bosi made a splash with a fancy take on that classic British snack, the sausage roll, made with rare-breed pork and a pastry composed of so much butter it was a won-

der it held together. He does not do po-faced. So here comes an egg carton labeled with the words "A little gift from the team at Hibiscus." Inside: Legbar chicken eggs with sky blue shells, their tops sliced to reveal a delicate foam of egg white flavored with coconut and curry powder and, beneath, a powerful royale of chestnut mushrooms with the texture of yolk. The sweetest of prawns from the Welsh coast are served raw in a warm beurre blanc made with smoked butter and dotted with pearls of caviar. It is salt and smoke and fat and the freshest seafood—everything I want to eat. Most strikingly, a sautéed lamb sweet-

bread the color of copper comes with a chilled sorrel-and-apple sauce the green of a spring lawn and with appropriately grassy edges to its flavor. I finish my meal with a mille-feuille of Agen prune and whiskey cream, with a puff pastry so flaky it may well contain the thousand leaves of its French name. Claude Bosi does like to deliver on a promise. —Jay Rayner, restaurant critic, *The Observer*

Chef-owner Claude Bosi in the kitchen of Hibiscus restaurant in London.



After dinner, there's nothing I like better than a digestif—or two—to lull me into sleepiness. Tonight, I've arrived post-repast at Lebensstern (*lebens-stern.de*), located in silent film star Henny Porten's former Berlin mansion. The host has led my group to a cluster of heavy club chairs in a red-walled parlor that feels like a 1920s salon. It is lined in glass cabinets displaying the bar's collection of 1,800 spirits, many of them rare. Around us, tuxedoed revelers sip bespoke cocktails from silver flutes or ice-encrusted goblets: an amaro-laced Lucky Luciano; a citrusy Pop Rocks-rimmed Lime Pie; a Nectar of the Ancient, made with cardamom extract and resinous Greek liqueur. Most drinks contain a splash of surprise like honey vinegar, orange mustard, or an herb grown on the terrace. We sit so long, we lose hours here; it feels like a place outside of time. Eventually, the host suggests a final nightcap (a Guadeloupe rum aged for 42 years in an armagnac cask tempts me) as a civilized reminder that the party is nearing a close. —Camper English, *SAVEUR* contributing drinks editor

WORLD'S MOST ELEGANT NIGHTCAP

BERLIN

Clockwise from top left:
Nectar of the Ancient,
Lucky Luciano, and Lime
Pie cocktails (see page 93
for recipes).



Off the Clock

TOKYO

The Tokyo that many visitors seek out is all glitz, but I adore places like Uosan Sakaba, a terrific *izakaya*, or eating pub, in Shitamachi, the Low City. Historically home to tradesmen and fishermen, it's an area full of grit and hidden treasures. The action at Uosan Sakaba (1-5-4 Tomioka, Koto-ku; 03/3/641-8071) starts after work, when white-shirted salarymen gather to enjoy cold beer and simply cooked, incredibly satisfying food. But I usually get there

much later, when the convivial place is still cooking but I can easily get a seat. This *izakaya* specializes in fish cooked in traditional styles: *aemono* (dressed), *sashimi* (raw), *nimono* (simmered), grilled, and fried. Wedging myself in at the counter, ordering a beer and some salt-grilled *iwashi no shioyaki*, the beloved anchovies of Tokyo Bay, I think to myself, to hell with glitz. —Harris Salat, co-author, *Japanese Soul Cooking* (Ten Speed Press, 2013)

10:42PM

AFTER HOURS: MIDNIGHT MEALS

MANKOUSHE BEIRUT
BRICK-OVEN-BAKED FLAT-BREADS SMOTHERED WITH CREAMY *LABNEH* AND OLIVE OIL OR PIQUANT *ZAATAR* AND SPICY LAMB ARE ON OFFER AROUND THE CLOCK AT AL FALAMANKI (ALFALAMANKI.COM), A 24-HOUR CAFÉ.



PAD KEE MAO BANGKOK Night owls flock to Raan Jay Fai (327 Th Mahachai, Phra Nakhon; 66/2/223-9384) for fiery *pad kee mao*, rice noodles stir-fried with sweet crabmeat, shrimp, and vegetables, all served with a sweet-hot chile sauce.



NABEYAKI UDON LOS ANGELES At Suehiro Cafe in L.A.'s Little Tokyo (337 East First Street; 213/626-9132), plump wheat noodles swim in a hot mushroom-based broth, topped with crispy shrimp tempura, shiitake mushrooms, pink and white fish cakes, greens, and a poached egg.



POUSSIN VAN HET SPIT AMSTERDAM Curry-rubbed roast chicken with potatoes, mayo, green beans, and apple or rhubarb jam makes a square late-night meal at Hotel de Goudfazant (hoteldegoudfazant.nl).

TACOS AL PASTOR PUERTO VALLARTA, MEXICO Spit-roasted spiced pork tacos topped with cooling pineapple at El Carboncito (129 Honduras, Puerto Vallarta), a casual beachside stand, are a satisfying way to end a night.



STEAK TARTARE LONDON At the Ivy (the-ivy.co.uk), a posh restaurant in London's West End, steak tartare prepared with chopped shallots and capers, served with toast, is the most elegant of late-night snacks.

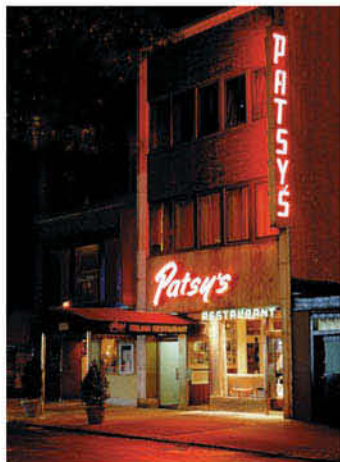
MIGNON A PARMEGIANA RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL Deep-fried steak blanketed in tomato sauce and cheese paired with *batatas Portuguesas*, crispy fried potato rounds, is the main draw after dark at Café Lamas (cafelamas.com.br), a 139-year-old dining institution.



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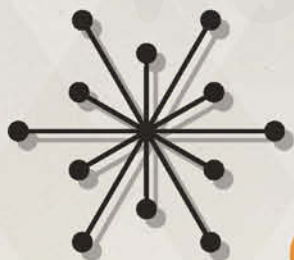
I have been too old to raid my refrigerator at midnight for quite some time now. But in high school, it was a favorite activity. Let other people stake claim to being the smartest, prettiest, most likely to succeed; my refrigerator was the best in town. Not only was it fully stocked, but my mom had a share-and-share-alike policy when it came to midnight raids. I think she enjoyed seeing how the other kids appreciated her food—and she would rather have me in the kitchen gobbling leftovers than waving my phony ID at a bar. ♣ My friend Philip was my most constant companion in those raids. Philip's family was Greek, and while his refrigerator was a monument in its own right—I discovered *taramosalata* there and have loved it ever since—there were some things in it I didn't love, like feta. He was more adventurous than I; when he tasted gefilte fish for the first time at my house, he demolished the jar. "Fish meatballs!" he declared. ♣ For a refrigerator raid at our house, I would remove every item and arrange them on the kitchen table, smorgasbord style. I kept my eyes peeled for a foil-wrapped hunk behind the stacks of salami, bologna, Kraft American Singles, and tubs of chopped liver, tuna salad, and coleslaw. That would be my mom's meatloaf. Yes, every mom cooked a meatloaf, but this one made for an especially great sandwich, nestled into a seeded kaiser roll topped with ketchup (see page 88 for recipe). ♣ I don't know where she got the recipe, but it was simple enough: chopped chuck and veal, egg, onion, tomato soup, and the pièce de résistance—crushed cornflakes. They lent a certain sweetness and a slightly golden color that gave the whole enterprise an aura of hope. This was food to dream by as the night turned slowly to dawn. ♣ Sometimes in the midst of our feast Mom would come in to pour herself a drink. She'd run an amused eye over the table, take a bag of frozen chopped meat from the freezer to defrost, and on her way out, kiss us each good night. Her work was done. —Alex Witchel, staff writer, The New York Times Magazine

FRIDGE RAID

SCARSDALE : NEW YORK



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Shifting Gears

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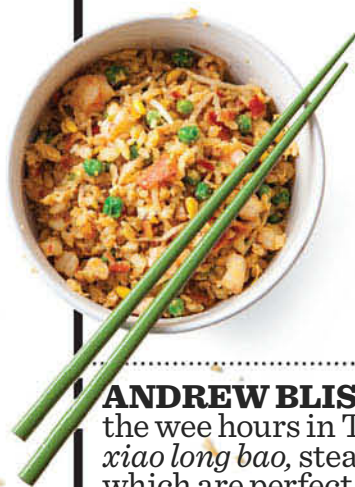
Most chefs I know don't have much food at home: We're always in our restaurant kitchens. But I keep a few items on hand for nights when I'm so slammed at work that I forget to eat. Tonight I rummaged in my fridge for a little cheese, half an avocado, a jalapeño to char and dice, and some cilantro that wasn't wilted. Since I always have corn tortillas, I made my usual: a quesadilla. I cook it slowly so that it toasts and puffs, and the cheese oozes out and browns nicely. It's not fancy, but it's my comfort meal, one I learned growing up half Mexican in the Central Valley. I pour tequila, I hug my cat, and I eat. —*Traci des Jardins, chef-owner, Jardiniere (jardiniere.com) and Mijita (mijitasf.com)*

01:32AM

The author at home with her Bengal cat, Ziggy, and a late-night quesadilla.

FACT: Food writer M.F.K. Fisher savored her last meals of the day, often eaten after midnight. One of her favorites was an egg fried in butter with cream and Worcestershire. "The minute the egg has set and the juices are bubbling," she wrote, "it is time to eat and go to bed."

LAST CALL: LATE-NIGHT BITES



TADASHI ONO CHEF I like to have stir-fried rice with leftovers—roasted pork or chicken, egg, seafood, or vegetables—whatever I can find in my fridge or on my pantry shelves. I also really like *chazuke* late at night. It's a green tea poured over rice with grilled salted salmon, salted cod roe, pickled plums, bonito flakes, nori, natto [fermented soybeans], barbecued eel—all kinds of delicious things.

ANDREW BLISS PUBLISHER In the wee hours in Taiwan it's usually *xiao long bao*, steamed soup dumplings, which are perfect on a liquored stomach. If not that, I go to a night market where I can eat the truly delicious (grilled wild boar), the bizarre (stinky tofu), the interesting (cricket-and-potato skewers), and the comforting and familiar (noodle soups).

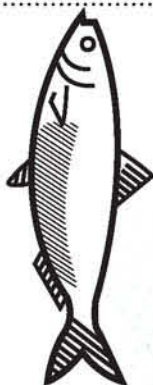
ZHANG ER POET/SCIENTIST When I was a medical student/intern, I worked the night shift in a hospital on the east side of Beijing. My favorite part of the job was the midnight meal for the hospital staff: minced meat wontons in a bowl of boiling-hot egg drop soup seasoned with a pinch of dried baby shrimp, fresh scallions, white pepper, and a drop of sesame oil. It helped the overworked, underfed interns to focus and stay alert for the rest of the night. And it was free.



KATHLEEN HANNA MUSICIAN Cake batter-flavored F'real milkshakes. Sadly, it's a limited-edition flavor, so I need to stock up. They sell them in a vending machine at the Fashion Institute of Technology here in New York, and sneaking in there at midnight is hard but doable. If F'real is not available, I just down a gingerbread martini at Outback Steakhouse.



PICO IYER ESSAYIST Dare I admit this? Pieces of delectable Japanese chocolate (Assam chai-flavored, or mango-inflected) from the convenience store, by way of the fridge.



MARTHA STEWART AUTHOR/TV HOST For the evening's final snack, I eat a piece of pickled herring out of the jar, a squeeze of *braunschweiger* [smoked liverwurst], or a can of sardines.

ALAN RICHMAN FOOD WRITER MY FAVORITE EVENING SNACK IS HOMEMADE CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES, PREPARED FROM A CLASSIC TOLL HOUSE RECIPE BUT WITH TWICE THE VANILLA, OVERCOOKED TO HARDNESS, FROZEN TO ENHANCE HARDNESS, AND EATEN DIRECTLY FROM THE FREEZER.



WILEY CASH NOVELIST OVEN-BAKED FRENCH FRIES SLATHERED IN CHEDDAR CHEESE AND TEXAS PETE, WASHED DOWN WITH A MUG OF PALE ALE.



The Endless Evening

BROOKLYN • NEW YORK

My neighbors must think we're crazy. It's well past midnight and here we are, a bunch of middle-aged professionals, raising a ruckus in my kitchen. I've got pasta water boiling, my husband, Lindsay, is on bruschetta duty, and our pals are swapping increasingly loud stories around the table. We didn't plan on this when we met for a show earlier, but you know that feeling: the band's done but we're loving these people we're with and not ready to call it a night. So I declared a *spaghettata*. After all, it's nights like these that the Italian *spaghettata di mezzanotte*—midnight spaghetti—was made for. More than a late-night snack, it's an impromptu dinner party. We first encountered one when we were living in Perugia 20 years ago: Lindsay was working as a bouncer at a bar, and one night, after last call, the bartender invited us over. Bruschetta was made. Candles were lit. And pasta appeared: a spicy tangle, studded with capers and showered with parmesan. I didn't realize this late meal had a name until weeks later, at another pal's house,

when somebody shouted "Spaghettata!" and took to the stove. Because it's unplanned, and made with the most flavorful staples on hand, the spaghetti is always some lusty riff on *aglio e olio* (garlic and oil) with anchovies, capers, chile flakes. I've taken liberties over the years. I often use different noodles or add tomatoes to my sauce. I rub down my bruschetta with garlic and shower it with olive oil and parm; the super-seasoned crumbs go on top of the pasta with loads of parsley. It's the swiftest, most satisfying thing I can make when I'm tired and maybe a bit tipsy but want to enjoy everyone's company as long as I can. — Dana Bowen, executive editor, *Every Day* with Rachael Ray

02:05AM

The author at home in Brooklyn serving, clockwise from top, cannellini beans; pasta with anchovies, capers, and tomato sauce, with bruschetta (see page 90 for recipe); tricolore salad with grapefruit saba vinaigrette; and broccoli rabe.

ELON PAZ





THE RECIPES

Mains

Ayam Jeruk

(Grilled Chicken and Toasted Coconut Salad)

SERVES 2-4

For this vibrantly spiced Balinese dish (pictured facing page), finely shredded grilled chicken is tossed in an aromatic sambal with lime juice and toasted coconut. For hard-to-find ingredients, see page 94.

- 1 ½ lb. bone-in, skin-on chicken breasts
- 2 ¾ cups canola oil
- 1 coconut, cracked open and shredded
- 12 small Asian shallots or 4 medium regular shallots, thinly sliced
- ¼ tsp. freshly grated nutmeg
- ¼ tsp. whole black peppercorns
- ¼ tsp. whole coriander
- 1 Balinese long pepper (optional)
- 2 tsp. ground turmeric
- 16 cloves garlic, peeled
- 3 candlenuts or unsalted macadamia nuts
- 1 ½" piece galangal, peeled and thinly sliced
- ¾ cup coconut milk, preferably UHT from a carton
- ½ tsp. Indonesian shrimp paste
- 5 small red Thai chiles, stemmed
- 1 Holland chile, stemmed
- Kosher salt, to taste
- 4 fresh or frozen Kaffir lime leaves, thinly sliced

Clockwise from top left: Burmese eggplant curry (see page 92 for recipe); grilled chicken and toasted coconut salad (see recipe above); fried tempeh in tomato sambal (see page 90 for recipe); stir-fried loofah with soybeans (see page 92 for recipe); braised pork belly (see page 91 for recipe); German braised beef rolls (see page 89 for recipe); Emirati grilled prawns (see page 89 for recipe); grouper in crab sauce with black quinoa and pickled fennel (see page 87 for recipe); chicken and broccoli rabe stromboli (see page 85 for recipe).

Juice of 1 lime
Cooked white rice, for serving

1 Heat a charcoal grill or set a gas grill to medium-high. (Alternatively, heat a cast-iron grill pan over medium-high.) Rub chicken with 2 tbsp. oil; grill, flipping once, until cooked through, 40–45 minutes. Let cool, then discard bones; finely shred meat and skin. Transfer to a bowl.

2 Heat a 12" nonstick skillet over medium-high heat. Cook coconut until golden, 12–15 minutes; add to chicken. Add 2 cups oil and ¾ of the shallots to pan; heat over medium. Cook, stirring occasionally, until shallots are golden brown and crisp, 10–12 minutes. Using a slotted spoon, transfer shallots to paper towels to drain; set aside. Discard oil.

3 Grind nutmeg, peppercorns, coriander, and long pepper, if using, in a spice grinder into a powder; transfer to a small food processor. Add turmeric, half the garlic, the candlenuts, galangal, and 3 tbsp. water; purée into a smooth paste. Add 2 tbsp. oil to pan; heat over medium-high. Cook paste until fragrant, 2–3 minutes. Transfer to bowl with chicken. Add coconut milk to pan; simmer over medium heat until reduced by half, 2 minutes. Let cool; add to chicken mixture.

4 Add remaining shallots and garlic, the paste, chiles, and salt to food processor; purée into a smooth paste. Heat remaining oil in a 10" skillet over medium-high heat; fry paste until golden, 6–7 minutes. Let cool; add to chicken mixture. Stir in half the fried shallots, the lime leaves, and juice; garnish with remaining shallots. Serve with rice.

Braised Short Ribs with Celery Root Purée

SERVES 4

Cocoa powder enriches these braised beef short ribs (pictured

on page 40) from Manhattan-based chef Melissa Muller Daka.

For the ribs:

- 3 tbsp. olive oil
- 3 lb. bone-in short ribs
- Kosher salt and freshly ground black pepper, to taste
- ¼ cup unsweetened cocoa powder
- 5 cloves garlic, smashed
- 2 stalks celery, chopped
- 1 large yellow onion, chopped
- 1 medium carrot, chopped
- ¼ cup tomato paste
- 3 cups full-bodied red wine, such as nero d'avola (see page 94)
- 2 cups beef stock
- 3 sticks cinnamon
- 2 bay leaves
- 2 sprigs sage
- 2 whole cloves
- 1 bunch thyme
- 1 star anise
- 2 tbsp. unsalted butter
- 3 tbsp. pomegranate seeds
- ½ cup microgreens, such as arugula (see page 94; optional)

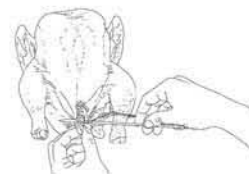
For the purée:

- 3 tbsp. olive oil
- 3 cloves garlic, thinly sliced
- 1 medium leek, white part only, thinly sliced
- 2 ½ lb. celery root, peeled and cut into 1" pieces
- 3 ½ cups chicken stock
- ½ tsp. ground celery seed
- Kosher salt and freshly ground black pepper, to taste

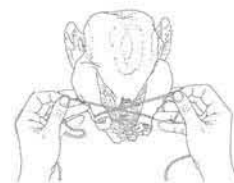
1 Make the ribs: Heat oven to 400°. Heat oil in an 8-qt. Dutch oven over medium-high heat. Season ribs with salt and pepper; rub with 3 tbsp. cocoa powder. Working in batches, cook ribs, turning as needed, until browned, 8–10 minutes; transfer to a plate. Add garlic, celery, onion, and carrot to pan; cook until soft, 6–8 minutes. Add tomato paste; cook 3 minutes. Add wine; reduce by half, 4–6 minutes. Return ribs to pan and add stock, cinnamon, bay leaves, sage, cloves, thyme, and star

How to Truss a Chicken

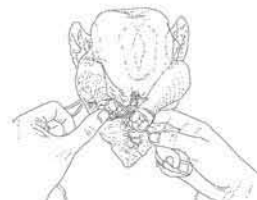
To secure the filling for the *pollo relleno*, chicken stuffed with Manchego, mushrooms, and spinach (see page 88 for recipe), truss the bird by sewing the cavity and tying the legs and wings. —Judy Haubert



1 Place chicken breast side up with legs facing you. Thread 8" trussing needle with 24" of kitchen twine knotted at one end. Starting at top of cavity, push needle through edges of skin and sew stitches about ¼" apart toward tail. Tuck tail up and under sewn edge and finish sewing cavity closed; tie a knot and trim excess twine.



2 Place a 48" length of twine underneath and perpendicular to the legs. Pull ends of twine up and around each leg; cross twine in an "X" pattern over top of legs.



3 Twist twine at "X" and wrap ends under opposite legs to create a horizontal hourglass shape.



4 Pull ends of twine toward chicken's neck and under each wing. Flip chicken over and cross twine at the neck. Wrap twine around wings, tie a knot, and trim excess.



5 Flip chicken over, tuck the wing tips under, and roast.



Chicken stuffed with Manchego, mushrooms, and spinach (see page 88 for recipe).

anise; boil. Cover and bake until beef is very tender, 1½ hours. Transfer ribs to a plate; discard bones. Slice ribs in half crosswise. Place pan over medium-high heat and add remaining cocoa powder; simmer until liquid is reduced to about 2 cups, 18–20 minutes, then strain into a bowl. Stir in butter, salt, and pepper.

2 Make the purée: Heat oil in a 6-qt. saucepan over medium-high heat; cook garlic and leek until soft, 3–4 minutes. Add celery root, stock, celery seed, salt, and pepper; boil. Reduce heat to medium; cook until celery root is tender, 25–30 minutes. Let cool slightly; using a slotted spoon, transfer vegetables and 1 cup cooking liquid to a blender and purée until smooth. Divide purée between plates and top with short ribs; drizzle with sauce and garnish with pomegranate seeds and, if you like, microgreens.

Chicken and Broccoli Rabe Stromboli

SERVES 8

Most stromboli recipes call for pizza dough, but the secret to the crispy crust on this baked roll (pictured on page 82) is Italian bread dough. The recipe is adapted from one served at Philadelphia's Romano's Pizzeria.

For the dough:

- 1 ½ cups water, heated to 115°
- 2 tsp. sugar
- 1 ¼-oz. package active dry yeast
- 1 tbsp. vegetable shortening
- 2 ½ cups bread flour, plus more
- 2 tsp. kosher salt

For the filling:

- Kosher salt and freshly ground pepper, to taste
- 12 oz. boneless, skinless chicken breasts
- ½ cup olive oil, plus more
- 2 tsp. dried oregano
- 4 cloves garlic, minced
- 1 bunch broccoli rabe (about 12 oz.), tough stems trimmed
- ½ tsp. crushed red chile flakes

- 2 cups shredded mozzarella
 - 16 jarred sweet cherry peppers (see page 94), stemmed, seeded, and cut into ½" strips
 - 3 oz. thinly sliced provolone
- Marinara sauce, heated, for serving (optional)

1 Make the dough: Place water, sugar, and yeast in the bowl of a stand mixer fitted with a hook; let sit until foamy, about 10 minutes. Add shortening, then flour and salt. Mix on low speed until dough forms; increase speed to medium-high and knead dough until smooth, 8–10 minutes. Cover with plastic wrap; let sit in a warm place until doubled in size, 1½–2 hours.

2 Make the filling: Heat oven to 350° and bring a 4-qt. saucepan of salted water to a boil. Rub chicken with 3 tbsp. oil, the oregano, half the garlic, salt, and pepper; place in a 9" x 13" baking dish. Bake until almost cooked or an instant-read thermometer inserted into the thickest part of the chicken reads 140°, 16–18 minutes. Let cool; cut into 1" pieces. Add broccoli rabe to boiling water; cook until just tender, 1–2 minutes. Transfer to an ice bath and drain; roughly chop and spread onto paper towels to dry. Heat remaining oil and garlic in a 12" skillet over medium-high heat. Cook broccoli rabe and chile flakes until golden, 3–4 minutes.

3 Assemble the stromboli: Increase oven to 425°. Place dough on a greased baking sheet; using greased fingers, press dough into a rectangle about ¼" thick. Sprinkle mozzarella lengthwise down the center. Top with chicken, broccoli rabe, peppers, and provolone. Tuck short sides of dough over filling; fold long sides, overlapping, over filling. Pinch to seal and roll so seam is on the bottom. Bake until puffed and golden, about 1 hour. Let cool slightly; slice and serve with marinara, if you like.

Crazy Day Crêpes

SERVES 6–8

Crêpes stuffed with *fromage blanc* and maple syrup are topped with stewed blueberries, strawberries, and peaches (pictured on page 26) at Heartbeet Lifesharing, a community for developmentally disabled adults in Hardwick, Vermont.

- 2 cups blueberries
- 2 cups sliced strawberries
- ½ cup granulated sugar
- 1 ½ tsp. kosher salt
- 5 peaches, peeled, pitted, and cut into 1" wedges
- 2 cups flour
- 2 tbsp. confectioners' sugar
- ½ tsp. baking powder
- 2 cups milk
- 1 cup plain yogurt
- 2 tbsp. unsalted butter, melted
- 1 tbsp. vanilla extract
- 6 eggs
- 2 cups *fromage blanc* (see page 94)
- ½ cup sour cream
- ½ cup maple syrup

- 1 cup heavy cream, whipped into stiff peaks

1 Simmer blueberries, strawberries, sugar, ¼ tsp. salt, and peaches in a 4-qt. saucepan until blueberries begin to burst, about 15 minutes; let cool.

2 Whisk flour, confectioners' sugar, and baking powder in a bowl. Whisk 1 tsp. salt, milk, yogurt, melted butter, vanilla, and eggs in another bowl. Whisk dry ingredients into wet to make a smooth batter. Heat a 12" nonstick skillet over medium-high heat. Working in batches, pour about ½ cup batter into skillet, tilting skillet to let batter cover bottom completely. Cook until crêpe is lightly browned on the bottom, 1–2 minutes. Flip and cook 1 minute more; transfer to a plate.

3 Whisk remaining salt, the *fromage blanc*, sour cream, and

Tempting Tempeh

Though tempeh is often relegated in America to health food stores, in Indonesia, where it originates, this fermented soybean cake has been a dietary staple for centuries. Dense, firm, and protein-packed, with a whitish-tan color and an earthy, nutty taste, tempeh is sold in cakes wrapped in banana leaves in markets throughout Indonesia, where it stars in dishes like *sambal goreng tempe*, fried tempeh in spicy tomato sauce (see page 90 for recipe). To produce it, fresh soybeans are boiled and then milled to remove their skins. The skinned beans split into two domed halves, which are par-cooked before being inoculated with a starter culture containing the edible mold *Rhizopus oligosporus*. The tempeh is wrapped and left to ferment for a few days in a warm location, where a downy, sometimes black-flecked mold develops around the beans, binding them together. In the United States, it is sold in vacuum-packed, rectangular cakes, which sometimes include added flavorings. Mild-tasting and pleasantly chewy, tempeh absorbs the flavors with which you cook it. Indonesians marinate it in garlic, fry it, and coat it in chile paste and fresh lemon basil; they glaze it in a spicy-sweet chile-tamarind sauce fragrant with gingery galangal; and they simmer it in coconut milk curries. While we like to prepare it in all of these ways, we've found that tempeh also lends itself to Western preparations. We fry, crumble, and toss it with lemon and salt for a flavorful salad garnish. And we pan-fry slabs and pile them on rye with sauerkraut, Russian dressing, and melted Swiss for an excellent meatless riff on a Reuben sandwich. —F.S.



All in the Timing

Cooking hinges on timing. Often we rely on our instincts, as when judging the doneness of a grilled steak. But without the mechanized kitchen timer, patented by Thomas Norman Hicks in 1926, we'd have overproofed dough and under-boiled eggs. Below are some of the best timers we've tried. —Kellie Evans



Lux Spring Wound Timer

amazon.com \$8 Even if you've left the kitchen, you'll hear the loud, long bell on this classic hand-cranked timer.

Joseph Joseph Pie Timer

josephjoseph.com \$16 The pie slice gets smaller as the minutes tick away in this timer's clever visual cue.



Omega Speedmaster

omega.com \$3,570 Chefs like Tao's Ralph Scamardella rely on versatile watches like this one that clock time, date, and speed.



Kikkerland Magnetic Kitchen Timer

\$18 The telephone-like ring amplifies when this 55-minute magnetic timer is attached to an oven's metal exterior.



Thermoworks Extra Big & Loud

thermoworks.com \$29 This rugged timer has a built-in memory, counts down or up by the second, and features a large LCD display.



Williams-Sonoma Rotary Timer

williams-sonoma.com \$16 The LCD display on this timer can be read from across the room, and the beep persists for a full minute.



Polder 3-in-1 Timer

polder.com \$17 This digital timer counts down for up to ten hours, doubles as a clock and stopwatch, and comes with a neck strap for portability.



Oxo Good Grips Triple Timer

oxo.com \$20 Keeping tabs on three dishes at once, this timer also has non-stick rubber feet that anchor it to the countertop.

maple syrup in a bowl. Spread crêpes with about 3 tbsp. each the from-age blanc and berry mixtures; roll. Garnish with whipped cream and remaining fruit.

★ El Coyote's Enchiladas Suizas

SERVES 6

These chicken-filled enchiladas, drowned in a jalapeño-laced tomatillo sauce under a blanket of melted Monterey Jack cheese (pictured on page 69), are inspired by the ones served at El Coyote in Los Angeles.

- 2 lb. tomatillos (see page 94), husks removed, rinsed
- 8 cloves garlic, unpeeled
- 2 jalapeño peppers, stemmed
- 2 large white sweet onions, such as Maui or Vidalia (1 quartered, 1 minced)
- 1 cup chicken stock, heated
- 2 cups roughly chopped cilantro, plus sprigs for garnish
- 1 cup sour cream
- 2 tbsp. fresh lime juice
- 2 tsp. ground cumin
- Kosher salt and freshly ground black pepper, to taste
- 3 tbsp. canola oil
- 3 cups cooked, shredded chicken
- 8 10" flour tortillas
- 5 cups shredded Monterey Jack

1 Heat oven broiler. Place tomatillos, garlic, jalapeños, and quartered onion on a foil-lined baking sheet; broil until blackened all over, about 10 minutes for tomatillos and jalapeños, 8 minutes for garlic and onion. Let cool slightly, then peel tomatillos, garlic, and jalapeños; transfer the vegetables to a blender. Add stock, chopped cilantro, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour cream, the lime juice, cumin, salt, and pepper; purée until smooth. Transfer enchilada sauce to a bowl; set aside.

2 Heat oil in a 12" skillet over medium-high heat. Cook minced onion until soft, 4–5 minutes. Remove from heat; stir in 1 cup reserved enchilada sauce, the chicken, salt, and pepper.

4 Heat oven to 375°. Pour 1 cup enchilada sauce in the bottom of a 9" x 13" baking dish; set aside. Dip

tortillas in remaining enchilada sauce; divide chicken evenly among tortillas and roll tortillas tightly around chicken. Arrange tortilla rolls seam side down in prepared dish. Pour remaining sauce over rolls, and cover evenly with Monterey Jack; bake until cheese is melted and sauce is bubbly, 18–20 minutes. Garnish with cilantro sprigs and remaining sour cream.

Etihad Airways' Lamb Biryani

SERVES 4–6

Pan-fried lamb, spiced rice, and a velvety sauce are prepared separately and then layered together for lamb biryani made to order (pictured on page 28) on flights of the United Arab Emirates' Etihad Airways.

- 15 cloves garlic, peeled
- 1 5" piece ginger, peeled and sliced
- $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups plain yogurt
- 1 tsp. ground turmeric
- Kosher salt and freshly ground black pepper, to taste
- 2 lb. boneless lamb shoulder, trimmed and cut into 3" pieces
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup canola oil
- 2 small yellow onions (1 sliced $\frac{1}{2}$ " crosswise into rings, 1 minced)
- 3 tbsp. ghee or clarified butter
- 2 tbsp. ground cumin powder
- 6 whole black peppercorns
- 2 chiles de árbol (see page 94), stemmed
- 1 serrano chile, stemmed and minced
- 1 tsp. ground cinnamon, plus 1 stick
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. ground cloves, plus 3 whole
- 1 15-oz. can whole peeled tomatoes, drained and crushed by hand
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup roughly chopped cilantro
- 3 tbsp. unsalted butter
- 2 green cardamom pods (see page 94), cracked
- 2 cups long-grain basmati rice, soaked in cold water 30 minutes and drained
- 1 tsp. saffron threads
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cashews, lightly toasted
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup roughly chopped mint

1 Purée garlic and ginger in a food processor into a paste; set $\frac{2}{3}$ of the paste aside. Transfer remaining paste to a bowl; stir in 2 cups yogurt, the turmeric, salt, and pepper. Add lamb; toss. Cover with plastic wrap; chill 2 hours.

2 Heat oven to 375°. Heat half the oil and the onion rings in an ovenproof 12" skillet over medium heat. Cook, stirring occasionally, until onions are caramelized, 12–15 minutes; transfer to a bowl. Add ghee to skillet; heat over medium-high. Working in batches, cook lamb, turning as needed, until browned, 6–8 minutes. Return all lamb to skillet; bake until tender, about 45 minutes. Transfer lamb to a cutting board and chop.

3 Discard all but 3 tbsp. pan drippings; return skillet to medium-high heat. Add half the remaining garlic paste, plus half each of the minced onion, cumin, peppercorns, chiles de árbol, and serrano, plus the ground cinnamon and ground cloves; cook until golden, 4–6 minutes. Stir in tomatoes, salt, and 1 cup water; simmer until tomatoes break down, 4–6 min-

utes. Transfer to a blender with remaining yogurt, the cilantro, and butter; purée into a smooth sauce and keep warm.

4 Heat remaining oil in a 4-qt. saucepan over medium-high heat. Cook remaining garlic paste, onion, cumin, peppercorns, chiles de árbol, and serrano, plus cinnamon stick, whole cloves, and the cardamom until fragrant, 1–2 minutes. Add rice, saffron, salt, and 4 cups water; boil. Reduce heat to low; cook, covered, until rice is tender, about 15 minutes. Uncover and transfer rice to a platter; top with lamb and caramelized onions. Drizzle with sauce; garnish with cashews and mint.

Grouper in Crab Sauce with Black Quinoa and Pickled Fennel

SERVES 6

Meaty butter-basted grouper fillets are topped with a but-

ter-rich, citrusy crab sauce and served over wilted kale and quinoa (pictured on page 82) in this recipe adapted from one by Florida-based chef Jeffrey Jew.

For the pickled fennel and quinoa:

- 1 ½ cups red wine vinegar
- ½ cup sugar
- 3 tbsp. kosher salt, plus more
- 1 tsp. mustard seeds
- 1 tsp. whole black peppercorns
- 2 sprigs thyme
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 small bulb fennel, minced, fronds reserved
- ¼ cup olive oil
- Freshly ground black pepper, to taste
- 1 tsp. crushed red chile flakes
- 1 small shallot, minced
- 4 cups baby kale, thinly sliced
- 2 cups vegetable stock
- 1 cup black quinoa (see page 94)

For the grouper:

- 2 tbsp. olive oil

- 6 6-oz. skinless grouper fillets
- Kosher salt and freshly ground black pepper, to taste
- 6 tbsp. unsalted butter, cubed
- 2 sprigs thyme
- ½ cup dry white wine
- 1 cup fresh orange juice
- 1 lb. jumbo lump crabmeat
- ½ tbsp. sumac
- 1 cup microgreens, such as kale (see page 94; optional)

1 Make the pickled fennel and quinoa: Bring vinegar, sugar, 3 tbsp. salt, mustard seeds, peppercorns, thyme, bay leaf, fennel, and 2 cups water to a boil in a 4-qt. saucepan; cook 5 minutes then remove from heat. Let cool, then strain, discarding liquid, thyme, and bay leaf; transfer to a bowl. Stir in half the oil, salt, and pepper; set pickled fennel aside. Wipe pan clean and add remaining oil; heat over medium-high. Cook chile flakes and shallot until soft, 1–2 minutes. Add kale and salt; cook until wilted, 1–2



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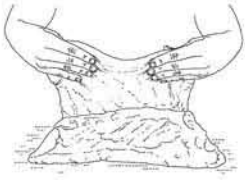


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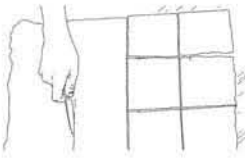


How to Form Pinwheels

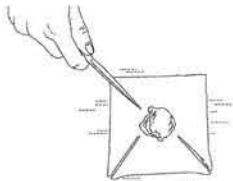
Raspberry jam-filled pinwheels (see page 93 for a recipe) make an elegant breakfast or teatime treat. Their whimsical shape is easy to create. —Farideh Sadeghin



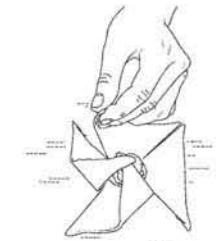
1 Roll dough into a 10" x 18" rectangle, 1/2" thick. Fold crosswise in thirds like a letter. Repeat, rolling and folding twice more; chill 1 hour.



2 Roll dough into a 20" square about 1/4" thick. Cut dough into sixteen 5" squares.



3 Place 1 tbsp. of jam in each center. Make a 2" long diagonal cut from each corner toward jam at center.



4 Fold same side of each cut corner up and over jam, leaving opposite sides flat. Brush dough with egg wash, sprinkle with turbinado sugar, and bake.

minutes. Transfer to a bowl. Add stock to pan; boil. Add quinoa and reduce heat to medium-low; cook, covered, until tender, about 25 minutes. Uncover and stir in kale mixture; set aside.

2 Make the grouper: Heat oil in a 12" nonstick skillet over medium-high heat. Season grouper with salt and pepper; cook until golden, 5–7 minutes. Flip fillets; add 4 tbsp. butter and the

thyme. Cook, basting continuously, until fillets are cooked through, 2–3 minutes; transfer to a plate. Add wine to pan; cook until evaporated, 3–4 minutes. Add juice; reduce by half, 5–6 minutes. Discard thyme; stir in remaining butter, the crab, sumac, salt, and pepper. To serve, divide quinoa between 6 plates; top with grouper and spoon sauce over top. Garnish with pickled fennel, the fronds, and, if you like, microgreens.

Meatloaf Sandwich

SERVES 6

This savory-sweet meatloaf (pictured on page 76) can be enjoyed as a dinner entrée, but its firm yet juicy texture makes it perfect as a sandwich filling, served either warm or cold.

- 12 oz. ground beef chuck
- 12 oz. ground veal
- 2 cups cornflakes, crushed
- 1 egg
- 1 small yellow onion, minced
- 1/2 15-oz. can tomato soup
- Kosher salt and freshly ground black pepper, to taste
- Poppy seed kaiser rolls, sliced
- cheese, red onion, tomato, green leaf lettuce, and ketchup, for serving (optional)

Heat oven to 350°. Mix beef, veal, cornflakes, egg, onion, soup, salt, and pepper in a bowl; transfer to a 9" x 5" x 2 3/4" loaf pan. Bake until cooked through, about 1 hour. Let cool, then slice 1" thick; serve each slice on a roll with cheese, onion, tomato, lettuce, and ketchup, if you like.

Mochiko Chicken with Ponzu Sauce

SERVES 4

The chicken for this Japanese homestyle dish is traditionally coated in *mochiko*, sweet rice flour, before frying, but cooks at Ethel's Grill in Honolulu, Hawaii, use Japanese potato starch to yield an extra-crispy crust (pictured on page 32).

For hard-to-find ingredients, see page 94.

For the ponzu sauce:

- 1/2 cup soy sauce
- 1/4 cup bonito flakes
- 2 tbsp. fresh lemon juice
- 2 tbsp. mirin
- 2 tbsp. rice vinegar
- 1 tbsp. fresh lime juice
- 1 2" piece kombu
- 1 2" piece ginger, peeled and grated

For the chicken:

- 1/4 cup sake
- 1/4 cup soy sauce
- 3 tbsp. sugar
- 1/2 small white onion, grated
- 2 lb. boneless, skinless chicken thighs, cut into 1 1/2" pieces
- Canola oil, for frying
- 1 1/2 cups katakuriko (Japanese potato starch)
- Shredded cabbage and cooked white rice, for serving

1 Make the sauce: Boil all ingredients except ginger in a 2-qt. saucepan. Remove from heat and let cool; strain and stir in ginger.

2 Make the chicken: Whisk sake, soy sauce, sugar, and onion in a bowl; stir in chicken. Cover with plastic wrap; chill 5 hours. Heat 2" oil in a 6-qt. saucepan until a deep-fry thermometer reads 350°. Working in batches, remove chicken from marinade and dredge in potato starch; fry until crisp, 3–4 minutes. Transfer chicken to paper towels to drain; serve with ponzu sauce, shredded cabbage, and rice.

Pollo Relleno

(Chicken Stuffed with Manchego, Mushrooms, and Spinach)

SERVES 4

Creamy *Manchego fresco* cheese melts gloriously in this stuffed roast chicken dish (pictured on page 84) from Mexico City home cook Susana Rangel Gutierrez.

- 1 4 1/2–5-lb. chicken
- Kosher salt and freshly

- ground black pepper, to taste
- 4 tbsp. unsalted butter, softened
- 5 cloves garlic, minced
- 10 oz. thinly sliced Manchego fresco (see page 94) or provolone
- 6 oz. white button mushrooms, thinly sliced
- 1 bunch spinach (about 5 oz.), tough stems trimmed
- Salsa verde and tortillas, for serving (optional)

Heat oven to 475°. Season chicken with salt and pepper. Slide fingers under the skin of breast to create a pocket. Mix 1 tbsp. butter and the garlic in a bowl; spread over breast meat. Stuff cheese, mushrooms, and spinach leaves into pocket; stuff any excess into cavity. Using a trussing needle and 6' kitchen string, tuck tail inward and sew cavity closed; tie legs together (see "How to Truss a Chicken," page 83). Place breast side up in a 9" x 13" baking dish; rub with remaining butter. Cook, basting occasionally, until browned and an instant-read thermometer inserted into thickest part of thigh reads 165°, about 1 hour 45 minutes. Let rest 10 minutes before carving; serve with salsa and tortillas, if you like.

Potato, Spinach, and Red Pepper Frittata

SERVES 8

This basil-laced potato and vegetable frittata (pictured on page 50), adapted from a recipe by author Tamasin Day-Lewis, makes a satisfying lunch.

- 1 lb. medium waxy potatoes
- 1/4 cup olive oil
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1 small red bell pepper, seeded, and thinly sliced
- 1 small yellow onion, thinly sliced
- 2 cups baby spinach
- 3 tbsp. unsalted butter, cubed
- Kosher salt and freshly ground black pepper, to taste
- 2 tbsp. thinly sliced basil
- 8 eggs, beaten

1 Boil 1" water in a 4-qt. saucepan fitted with a steamer insert. Steam potatoes, covered, adding more boiling water as needed, until tender, 1 hour. Let cool, then peel and thinly slice.

2 Heat oven broiler. Heat oil in an ovenproof 12" nonstick skillet over medium-high heat. Cook garlic, pepper, and onion until soft, 3–4 minutes. Add spinach; cook until wilted, about 1 minute. Stir in reserved potatoes, the butter, salt, and pepper. Stir in half the basil and the eggs and reduce heat to medium; cook until golden on the bottom, 8–10 minutes. Broil until set and golden on top, about 3 minutes. Garnish with remaining basil.

★ **Rouladen**
(German Braised Beef Rolls)

SERVES 4

In this version of the German classic (pictured on page 82), thinly pounded beef is smeared with whole-grain mustard; rolled with

bacon, onion, and pickle spears; and then braised until tender.

- 12 4" x 6" slices boneless beef chuck, pounded $\frac{1}{8}$ " thick
- Kosher salt and freshly ground black pepper, to taste
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup German whole-grain mustard (see page 94)
- 6 slices bacon, halved crosswise
- 3 whole dill pickles, quartered lengthwise
- 1 large yellow onion, thinly sliced
- Toothpicks, for securing
- 5 tbsp. unsalted butter
- 3 cloves garlic, thinly sliced
- 1 medium carrot, thinly sliced
- 1 stalk celery, thinly sliced
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup dry red wine
- 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups beef stock
- 1 bay leaf
- 3 tbsp. flour
- 2 tbsp. roughly chopped parsley, for garnish
- Boiled potatoes and sauerkraut, for serving (optional)

1 Season beef with salt and pep-

per. Working with one slice at a time, spread 1 tbsp. mustard over surface. Lay 1 piece bacon, 1 pickle spear, and about 5 slices onion across one narrow end; roll into a tight package and secure with toothpicks. Melt 2 tbsp. butter in a 6-qt. saucepan over medium-high heat. Working in batches, cook beef rolls, turning as needed, until browned, 12–14 minutes. Transfer to a plate. Add remaining onion, the garlic, carrot, and celery to pan; cook until soft, 6–8 minutes. Add wine; cook until almost evaporated, 1–2 minutes. Stir in stock and bay leaf and return beef rolls to pan; boil. Reduce heat to medium-low; cook, slightly covered, until beef is tender, 1 hour.

2 Transfer beef rolls to a platter; discard toothpicks. Strain stock into a bowl. Add remaining butter to pan; melt over medium-high. Add flour; cook 2 minutes. Whisk in stock and cook until thickened, 4–5 minutes; pour

over beef rolls. Garnish with parsley; serve with potatoes and sauerkraut, if you like.

Rubyan Meshwi
(Emirati Grilled Prawns)

SERVES 2–4

At Abu Dhabi's Al Arish restaurant, jumbo prawns are basted in a spicy-sweet ketchup-based sauce before grilling (pictured on page 82).

- 2 tbsp. sugar
- 2 tsp. brown mustard seeds
- 1 tsp. ground oregano
- 1 tsp. whole white peppercorns
- 3 chiles de árbol (see page 94), stemmed
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup tomato paste
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup ketchup
- 3 tbsp. malt vinegar
- 3 tbsp. olive oil
- 3 tbsp. tamarind concentrate (see page 94)
- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tbsp. soy sauce
- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. unpeeled jumbo prawns or shrimp, preferably head-on
- Lemon wedges, for serving

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1 Grind sugar, mustard, oregano, peppercorns, and chiles in a spice grinder into a powder; transfer to a bowl. Stir in paste, ketchup, vinegar, oil, tamarind, and soy sauce; reserve $\frac{1}{3}$ cup sauce. Add prawns to bowl and toss; let sit 20 minutes.

2 Heat a charcoal grill or set a gas grill to high. (Alternatively, heat a grill pan over medium-high heat.) Grill prawns, flipping once and basting frequently with reserved sauce, until slightly charred and cooked through, about 10 minutes. Serve with lemon wedges.

Sambal Goreng Tempe (Fried Tempeh in Tomato Sambal)

SERVES 6

In this Balinese lunch dish, tempeh—fermented soybean cake—is fried until golden and then tossed in a fiery tomato-and-chile sauce (pictured on page 82). For hard-to-find ingredients, see page 94.

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup canola oil
- 1 lb. plain tempeh, cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 1" pieces, $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. Indonesian shrimp paste
- 5 cloves garlic, peeled
- 3 Holland chiles, stemmed and seeded
- 2 small red Thai chiles, stemmed
- 2 plum tomatoes, cored and roughly chopped
- Kosher salt, to taste
- 2 tsp. kecap manis (sweet soy sauce)
- Cooked white rice, for serving

Heat $\frac{1}{3}$ cup oil in a 4-qt. saucepan over medium-high heat. Working in batches, fry tempeh until golden brown, 3–4 minutes. Using a slotted spoon, transfer tempeh to paper towels to drain; discard oil. Purée shrimp paste, garlic, chiles, tomatoes, and salt in a food processor until smooth. Add remaining oil to pan; heat over medium-high. Cook paste until fragrant, 12–15

Right Pan for the Job

To achieve consistently thin, golden results for the crazy day crêpes (see page 85 for recipe), pans that heat rapidly and evenly work best. Here are five favorites. —Farideh Sadeghin



Le Creuset lecreuset.com
\$110 The cast-iron core retains heat, the smooth 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ " enamel cook surface prevents sticking, and the colored exterior makes this one pretty pan.



Mauviel mauvielusa.com
\$290 This 11.8" stainless-steel pan has a copper bottom that gains and distributes heat with maximum efficiency. Comes with a lifetime warranty.



De Buyer surlatable.com
\$25 The angled handle of this 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ " blue steel pan makes it easy to maneuver crêpes. It has a ferrous coating on the bottom, so it can be used on an induction cooktop.



Tibos Electric amazon.com
\$150 This ample 13" nonstick electric griddle has ten separate heat settings for greater control. A specially designed tool fits into a groove on the rim to sweep batter evenly across the surface.



All-Clad all-clad.com
\$225 A stainless-steel interior diffuses heat, and two aluminum layers conduct and sustain it in this 12" nonstick skillet. The low rim makes flipping crêpes a cinch.

minutes. Stir in reserved tempeh and the kecap manis; serve with rice, if you like.

Spaghetтата di Mezzanotte (Pasta with Anchovies, Capers, and Tomato Sauce)

SERVES 4–6

The after-party Italian tradition of *spaghetтата di mezzanotte*—"midnight spaghetti"—gave birth to this lusty pasta dish tossed with anchovies, capers, tomatoes, and garlicky bruschetta crumbs (pictured on page 80).

- 1 12-oz. loaf crusty bread, sliced 1" thick
- 10 cloves garlic (3 peeled, 7 thinly sliced)
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup olive oil
- 1 cup grated parmesan

- Kosher salt and freshly ground black pepper, to taste
- 1 tbsp. crushed red chile flakes
- 10 canned oil-packed anchovy fillets, 2 tbsp. oil reserved
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup capers, drained
- 1 28-oz. can whole peeled tomatoes, crushed by hand
- 1 lb. casarecce (see page 94), or spaghetti
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup roughly chopped parsley
- Zest of 1 lemon

1 Heat oven to 350°. Place bread on a baking sheet; bake until toasted, 20–25 minutes. Transfer bread to a cutting board; rub with whole garlic cloves, drizzle with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup oil, and sprinkle with $\frac{1}{3}$ cup parmesan, salt, and pepper. Mince 1 piece of bruschetta; transfer with crumbs to a bowl.

2 Heat $\frac{1}{4}$ cup oil, the sliced garlic, and chile flakes in a 12" skillet over medium heat; cook until garlic is soft, 2–3 minutes. Add anchovies and their oil; cook, stirring and mashing them up until they melt, 3–4 minutes. Add capers; cook until golden, 3–4 minutes. Add tomatoes; simmer until sauce is slightly thickened, 4–5 minutes. Meanwhile, bring a large pot of salted water to a boil. Cook pasta until al dente, about 10 minutes. Drain, reserving 1 cup pasta water and add to skillet with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup parmesan, the parsley, and zest; toss. Garnish with minced bruschetta, remaining oil, and parmesan; serve with bruschetta.

Tagliatelle Bolognese

SERVES 2–4

At La Trattoria di Oscar in Bevagna, Italy, chef Filippo Artioli uses a beef and chicken stock to cook the pasta for his robust ragù (pictured on page 45), made with fat-rich beef belly.

- 8 plum tomatoes, cored and sliced $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick crosswise
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup olive oil
- Kosher salt and freshly ground black pepper, to taste
- 1 lb. beef rib bones (ask your butcher)
- 12 cups chicken stock
- 1 medium carrot, minced
- 1 small white onion, minced
- 1 stalk celery, minced
- 1 lb. ground flank steak (ask your butcher)
- 1 cup dry tannic red wine, preferably sagrantino di montefalco (see page 94)
- 3 bay leaves, preferably fresh
- 12 oz. tagliatelle pasta
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup grated parmesan
- 1 sprig rosemary
- 1 sprig sage

1 Heat oven to 300°. Toss tomatoes, half the oil, salt, and pepper on parchment paper-lined baking sheets. Cook until caramelized and dried out, about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Transfer to

a food processor; purée until smooth. Heat a 6-qt. saucepan over medium-high heat. Cook bones until browned, 8–10 minutes. Add stock; simmer, skimming as needed, about 1 hour. Discard bones.

3 Heat remaining oil in a 12" skillet over medium-high heat. Cook carrot, onion, and celery until golden, 8–10 minutes. Add beef; cook, stirring and breaking up meat into small pieces, until browned, 8–10 minutes. Add wine; reduce by half, 2–3 minutes. Add reserved tomato purée, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup reserved stock, 2 bay leaves, salt, and pepper; simmer until sauce is very thick, about 25 minutes. Discard bay leaves. Meanwhile, bring remaining stock to a boil; cook pasta until al dente, about 4 minutes. Drain and transfer to sauce; add cheese and toss. Garnish with remaining bay leaf, the rosemary, and sage.

Tarako Spaghetti

SERVES 4–6

Salted pollock roe, called *tarako*, lends pungent flavor to this riff on a Japanese spaghetti dish (pictured on page 63) from Hudson Valley, New York–based home cook Howie Michels.

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup olive oil
- 1 5" piece baguette, cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ " pieces
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup pine nuts
- 1 small leek, white part only, thinly sliced
- 1 small red onion, thinly sliced
- 1 lb. spaghetti
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Morita tsuyu tennen (Japanese seasoning sauce; see page 94)
- 1 tbsp. fresh lemon juice
- 5 oz. tarako (Japanese salted pollock roe; see page 94), thin skin removed

1 Heat half the oil in a 12" skillet over medium heat; cook baguette

and pine nuts, stirring occasionally, until golden and slightly crisp, 4–5 minutes. Transfer to a bowl and let cool. Using hands, crush slightly; set aside.

2 Add remaining oil to skillet; heat over medium-high. Cook leek and onion until slightly caramelized, 7–9 minutes. Meanwhile, bring a large pot of salted water to a boil. Cook pasta until al dente, about 10 minutes; drain and add to skillet. Add seasoning sauce, lemon juice, and half the roe; toss to combine. Divide pasta between 4 bowls; top with crushed bread mixture and remaining roe.

Wang Choy Chow Sau (Braised Pork Belly)

SERVES 6

Pork belly is rendered spoon-tender after a long braise with ginger, cloves, cumin, fennel, and star anise (pictured on page 82). Reduced, its cooking

liquid makes a thick, fragrant sauce.

- 1 3-lb. piece boneless, skin-on pork belly
- 2 tbsp. peanut oil
- 1 small yellow onion, minced
- 1 2" piece ginger, peeled and minced
- 2 tsp. ground cloves
- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. ground cumin
- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. ground fennel
- 5 whole star anise
- 4 bay leaves
- 3 sticks cinnamon
- 2 cups chicken stock
- 1 cup light soy sauce (see page 94)
- 3 tbsp. dark soy sauce (see page 94)
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup sugar
- Kosher salt, to taste
- 4 cups baby spinach
- Tender sprigs cilantro, julienned carrot, red bell pepper, and scallion, for garnish (optional)
- Cooked white rice, for serving

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PHOTO BY RICH MANALIS

1 Bring an 8-qt. saucepan of water to a boil; cook pork belly 5 minutes, then drain and cut in half crosswise. Add oil to pan; heat over medium-high heat. Cook onion and ginger until soft, 3–4 minutes. Add cloves, cumin, fennel, star anise, bay leaves, and cinnamon; cook until fragrant, 1–2 minutes. Add reserved pork, the stock, soy sauces, and sugar; boil. Reduce heat to medium-low; cook, covered, until pork is very tender when pierced with a knife, about 1½ hours. Transfer pork to a serving platter; keep warm. Simmer sauce, stirring occasionally, until reduced by half and thickened, 18–20 minutes; spoon sauce over pork.

2 Bring a 4-qt. saucepan of salted water to a boil. Cook spinach until wilted, 1–2 minutes, then drain and squeeze dry; arrange around pork. Garnish with cilantro, carrot, pepper, and scallion if you like; serve with rice on the side.

Sides

Chao Sigua

(Stir-Fried Loofah with Soybeans)

SERVES 2–4

The long, tender gourd loofah, often called Chinese okra, is stir-fried with soybeans in chicken stock and finished with soy sauce for this simple but flavorful side dish (pictured on page 82) from the Suzhou province in eastern China.

- 3 tbsp. peanut oil
- 1 lb. loofah (see page 94), peeled, cut lengthwise into 6 wedges, then crosswise into 2" pieces
- 1 cup frozen shelled edamame, defrosted
- ¼ cup chicken stock
- 1 ½ tbsp. soy sauce
- Cooked white rice, for serving

Heat oil in a 12" skillet over medium-high heat. Cook loofah and edamame until soft, 1–2 minutes. Add stock; bring to a simmer. Cook until slightly reduced, about 2 minutes more. Stir in soy sauce. Serve with rice on the side.

Khayan Thee Hnut

(Burmese Eggplant Curry)

SERVES 2–4

Umami-rich sun-dried shrimp permeate this delectable eggplant curry (pictured on page 82) from home cook Khin Thuzar in Yangon, Myanmar.

- 3 tbsp. dried shrimp (see page 94), rinsed
- 1 1" piece ginger, peeled and thinly sliced
- 4 cloves garlic, peeled
- 2 scallions, thinly sliced
- ⅓ cup canola oil
- 1 tsp. paprika
- ½ tsp. ground turmeric
- 4 small Japanese eggplants, peeled, quartered lengthwise and halved crosswise
- Cooked white rice, for serving

Soak shrimp in 1 cup boiling water until softened, 8–10 minutes. Drain and transfer to a food processor; add ginger and purée into a smooth paste. Transfer to a bowl; set aside. Add garlic and scallions to food processor and purée into a smooth paste; set aside. Heat half the oil in a 4-qt. saucepan over medium-high heat; fry shrimp paste until fragrant, 2–3 minutes. Transfer to a bowl; set aside.

Add remaining oil to pan; fry garlic paste, the paprika, and turmeric, stirring constantly, until fragrant, 1–2 minutes.

Return shrimp paste to pan; add eggplant and 2 cups water; boil. Reduce heat to medium; simmer, stirring occasionally, until eggplant is tender, 8–10 minutes. Serve with rice on the side.

Drinks & Dessert

Dragon 88 Mai Tai

MAKES 1 COCKTAIL

This rummy tiki drink (see page 51) is adapted from the one served at Dragon 88 in West Boylston, Massachusetts. For hard-to-find ingredients, see page 94.

- 1 ½ oz. rum agricole, such as Rhum Clément V.S.O.P.
- 1 oz. amber rum, such as Appleton Estate Reserve
- 1 oz. dark spiced rum, such as The Kraken Black Spiced Rum
- ½ oz. fresh lime juice
- ½ oz. orange curaçao
- ½ oz. orgeat syrup
- ½ oz. Velvet Falernum
- Pineapple slice and maraschino cherry, for garnish

Combine rums, juice, curaçao, orgeat, and falernum in a cocktail shaker filled with ice. Shake vigorously and pour into a cocktail glass filled with crushed ice; garnish with a pineapple slice and a maraschino cherry.

Lime Pie Cocktail

MAKES 1 COCKTAIL

Rimmed with Pop Rocks—like carbonated crystals, this citrusy refresher is a specialty of the Berlin bar Lebensstern (pictured on page 73). For hard-to-find ingredients, see page 94.

- 1 ¼ tsp. fresh lime juice
- 3 tbsp. unflavored carbonated crystals
- 1 ½ oz. yuzu-infused sake, such as Ume No Yado
- ½ oz. citrus-infused vodka, such as Ketel One
- ½ oz. Cointreau
- ½ oz. limoncello

Dip a chilled cocktail glass in 1 tsp. lime juice and then dip in crystals. Combine sake, vodka, Cointreau, limoncello, and remaining juice in a cocktail shaker filled with ice. Shake vigorously and strain into prepared glass.

Lucky Luciano

MAKES 1 COCKTAIL

At Lebensstern in Berlin, the amaro Fernet-Branca adds a pleasingly bitter note to this petite riff on a perfect Manhattan (pictured on page 73). For hard-to-find ingredients, see page 94.

- 1 ½ oz. Benjamin Prichard's Rye
- ½ oz. Mancino Vermouth Rosso
- ½ oz. Mancino Vermouth Secco
- ¼ tsp. Fernet-Branca
- 1 Griottines or Luxardo cherry, for garnish

Stir rye, vermouths, and Fernet-Branca in a cocktail shaker filled with ice; strain into a chilled eggcup or small cocktail glass. Garnish with a cherry.

Nectar of the Ancient

MAKES 1 COCKTAIL

Frost the rim of a chilled goblet by dipping it in slushy crushed ice to serve this mastic-flavored cocktail from Berlin's Lebensstern bar (pictured on page 73). For hard-to-find ingredients, see page 94.

- 1 oz. Skinos Greek Mastiha Spirit liqueur
- ¼ tsp. cardamom extract
- ¼ tsp. honey mixed with ¼ tsp. warm water
- 1 sprig mint
- Champagne, for topping
- Orange twist, for garnish

Combine Mastiha, extract, honey, and mint

in a cocktail shaker filled with ice. Shake vigorously and strain into a frozen cocktail glass filled and rimmed with crushed ice; top with champagne and garnish with an orange twist.

Raspberry Pinwheels

MAKES 16

These sugar-crusted, jam-filled pastries (pictured on page 20) are a morning treat at Twofish Baking Company in Sea Ranch, California.

- ¼ cup water heated to 115°
- 2 ½ tsp. active dry yeast
- ½ cup milk
- ¼ cup granulated sugar
- 1 egg, plus 1 yolk
- 2 ½ cups flour, plus more
- 16 tbsp. unsalted butter, cubed and chilled
- 1 tsp. kosher salt
- 1 cup raspberry jam
- 2 tsp. heavy cream
- ¼ cup turbinado sugar

1 Make the dough: Place water and yeast in a bowl; let sit until foamy, about 10 minutes. Whisk in milk, granulated sugar, and egg; set aside. Pulse flour, butter, and salt in a food processor into pea-size crumbs. Add yeast mixture; pulse until dough comes together. Form dough into a disk and wrap in plastic wrap; chill 1 hour.

2 On a lightly floured surface, roll dough into a 18" x 10" rectangle about ½" thick. Working from narrow ends, fold dough in thirds like a letter. Repeat rolling and folding twice more; wrap in plastic wrap and chill 1 hour.

3 Make the pinwheels: Heat oven to 350°. On a lightly floured surface, roll dough into a 20" square about ¼" thick; cut into sixteen 5" squares and transfer to parchment paper-lined baking sheets. Place 1 tbsp. jam in the middle of each square. Slice each corner of squares from tip to about halfway toward center of square. Fold same side of each cut corner up and over jam to make the pinwheel shape (see "How to Form Pinwheels," page 88). Mix yolk and cream in a bowl and brush over dough, avoiding the jam; sprinkle with turbinado sugar. Bake pinwheels, rotating baking sheets once halfway through, until golden brown, 20–25 minutes. Let pinwheels cool completely before serving.

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The Pantry

A Guide to Resources

In producing the stories for this issue, we discovered ingredients and information too good to keep to ourselves. Please feel free to raid our pantry!

BY KELLIE EVANS

Best Food Moments

Indulge in breakfast while staying at the **Hotel Bel-Air** in Los Angeles (701 Stone Canyon Road; 310/472-1211; dorchestercollection.com). In Sonoma County, eat at **Twofish Baking Co.** (35590 Verdant View, Sea Ranch; twofishbaking.com) and stay at **The Farmhouse Inn** (7871 River Road, Forestville; 707/887-3300; farmhouseinn.com). Eat at **Kay 'n Dave's** in Brentwood, California (262 26th Street; 310/262-1355; kayndaves.com). Learn more about **Heartbeet Lifesharing** in Hardwick, Vermont, at heartbeet.org. In Honolulu, visit **Ethel's Grill** (232 Kalihi Street; 808/847-6467) and stay at the **Halekulani Hotel** (808/923-2311; halekulani.com). Book a flight in **Etihad Airways'** Diamond First Class to enjoy sky-high fine dining (212/554-1300; etihad.com). For an exemplary working lunches, try **Leon** in London (visit leonrestaurants.co.uk for locations); New Zealand's **Toto Pizza** (53 Nelson Street, Auckland; totopizza.co.nz); and **Lemonade** in L.A. (go to lemonadela.com for locations). To view the schedule of upcoming meals at the **James Beard House**, visit jamesbeard.org/events. Try Melissa Muller Daka's Sicilian-inspired cuisine at **Bar Eolo** (190 Seventh Avenue, New York City; 646/225-6606; eolonewyork.com) or **Pastai** (186 Ninth Avenue, New York City; 646-688-3463; pastainyc.com). In Abu Dhabi, eat at **Al Aish** (Al Meena, Abu Dhabi; 02/673-2266; aldhafr.net) and stay at **Jumeirah at Etihad Towers** (877/854-8051; jumeirah.com); **Shangri-la Qaryat Al Beri** (866/565-5050; shangri-la.com); **St. Regis National Towers** (877/787-3447; starwoodhotels.com) or **Emirates Palace** (941/2/690-9000; keminski.com). Sip a mai tai at Massachusetts' **Dragon 88** (260 Shrewsbury Street, Boylston; 508/869-6558). In **St. Petersburg, Florida**, (visit stpeteclearwater.com), stay at **Loews Don CeSar Beach Hotel** (800/282-1116; loewshotels.com). Try enchiladas at **El Coyote** in L.A. (7312 Beverly Boulevard; 323/939-2255; elcoyotecafe.com). Dine at **La Trattoria di Oscar** in Umbria (Piazza del Cirone 2, Bevagna, Italy; 39/0/742-361-107). Indulge at **Hibiscus** in London (29 Maddox Street; 44/20/7629-2999; hibiscusrestaurant.co.uk). Eat at Paris' **Café des Musées** (49 rue de Turenne; 33/01/4272-9617; cafedesmuées.fr). Try pastries at Hungary's **Centrál Kávéház** (Károlyi Mihály u. 9, 1053 Budapest; 36/1/266-2110; centralkavehaz.hu). Eat at **Uosan Sakaba** in Tokyo (1-5-4 Tomioka, Koto-ku; 03/3/641-8071; marutomi.foodex.ne.jp). Enjoy a nightcap at Berlin's **Lebensstern** (Kurfürstenstrasse 58; lebensstern.de). Dine at Traci des Jardin's restaurants, visit **Jardiniere** (jardiniere.com) and **Mijita** (mijitasf.com). Sample bar snacks at Louisville, Kentucky's **Proof on Main** (702 West Main Street; 502/217-6360; proofonmain.com); **The Bar & Lounge**

located in the Hotel Bel-Air (see above); Venice's **Da Fiore** (Calle del Scaletre 2202/a, 30125; 39/04/721-308; dafiore.net); Barcelona's **Bar Mut** (Carrer de Pau Claris 192, 08037; 34/932/174-338; barmut.com); Iceland's **Nauthóll** (Nauthólsvegur 101, Reykjavík; 354/660-7883; nautholl.is); Tokyo's **New York Bar** located in the Park Hyatt (3-7-1 Nishishinjuku, Shinjuku; 81/3/5322-1234; tokyo.park.hyatt.com); and **Roldós** in Montevideo, Uruguay, (located in the Mercado del Puerto; roldos.com.uy). Try our favorite late-night eateries: Puerto Vallarta, Mexico's **El Carboncito** (129 Honduras); L.A.'s **Suehiros** (337 E. First Street; 213/626-9132); Rio's **Café Lamas** (Rua Marques de Abrantes 18, Flamengo; 55/21/2556-0799; cafelamas.com.br); Paris' **La Tour de Montlhéry** (5 Rue des Prouvaires; 33/1/42/362-182); Beirut's **Al Falamanki** (Monot Street; 961/1/323-456; alfalamanki.com); London's **The Ivy** (1-5 West Street; 44/20/7836-4751; the-ivy.co.uk); Amsterdam's **Hotel de Goudfzant Aambeeldstraat** (10 H, 1021 KB Amsterdam; 31/20/636-5170; hoteldegoudfzant.nl); Bangkok's **Raan Jay Fai** (327 Th Mahachai, Phra Nakhon; across from the 7-Eleven; (66/2/223-9384); and **Blue Ribbon** (97 Sullivan Street, New York City; 212/274-0404; blueribbonrestaurants).

Recipes

Prepare grilled chicken and toasted coconut salad (see page 83) with **small Asian shallots** from your local Asian grocer; **Balinese long pepper** from kalustyans.com (\$7 for a 1-oz. pack; 800/352-3451); **candlenuts** (\$5 for a 7-oz. pack) and **fresh Kaffir lime leaves** (\$15 for 40 leaves) from importfood.com (888/618-8424); **galangal**, **Thai chiles**, and **Holland** or **Fresno chiles** from Melissa's Produce (prices vary by season; 800/588-0151; melissas.com); **Aroy-D UHT coconut milk** from amazon.com (\$10 for a 34-oz. box); **Belacan dried shrimp paste** from amazon.com (\$15 for a 1-lb. block). Make braised short ribs (see page 83) with **nero d'avola**, from totalwine.com (\$9 for a 750-ml. bottle; 855/330-6673) and **microgreens** from Whole Foods Market (selection and prices vary; visit wholefoods.com for locations). Use **sweet cherry peppers** from mezzetta.com (\$3 for a 16-oz. jar; 800/941-7044) to prepare chicken and broccoli rabe stromboli (see page 85). Make crazy day crêpes (see page 85) using **Vermont Creamery's fromage blanc**, available from murrayscheese.com (\$13 for three 8-oz. containers; 888/692-4339). Prepare El Coyote's enchiladas suizas (see page 86) using **tomatillos** from Melissa's Produce (price varies by season; 800/588-0151; melissas.com). Use **chiles de árbol** (\$6 for a 3-oz. pack) and **green cardamom pods** (\$7 for a 1-oz. pack) from kalustyans.com (800/352-3451) to make Etihad Airways' lamb biryani (see page 86). Use **Roland black quinoa** from amazon.com (\$9 for a 12-oz. box) and **microgreens** from Whole Foods Market (see above) to prepare grouper in crab sauce. Make mochiko chicken (see page 88), with **bonito flakes** (\$6 for a 4-oz. bag), **aji mirin** (\$5 for a 10-oz. bottle), **Mitsukan rice vinegar** (\$2 for a 12-oz. bottle), and **kombu** (\$3 for a 1-oz. bag) from asianfoodgrocer.com (888/482-2742) and **JFC katakuriko** (Japanese potato starch) from amazon.com (\$5 for a 12-oz. bag). Prepare chicken stuffed

with Manchego (see page 88) with **Verole Manchego** from Walmart (prices vary; visit walmart.com for locations). Make German beef rolls (see page 89) using **Kühne whole-grain mustard** from germandeli.com (\$5 for a 9-oz. jar; 877/437-6269). Use **chiles de árbol** (see above) and **tamarind concentrate** (\$13 for a 14-oz. jar) from kalustyans.com to prepare Emirati grilled prawns (see page 89). Buy **casarecce pasta** from Ditalia (\$5 for a 17-oz. bag; 888/260-2192; ditalia.com) to make the spaghetti di mezzanotte (see page 90). Prepare tagliatelle bolognese with **Sagrantino di Montefalco Rosso 2009** from astorwines.com (\$17 for a 750-ml. bottle; 212/674-7500). Make tarako spaghetti (page 91) with **Morita tsuyu** (Japanese seasoning sauce) from asianfood grocer.com (\$5 for a 17-oz. bottle; 888/482-2742) and **tarako** (Japanese salted pollock roe) from Mitsuwa (\$14 for an 8-oz. package; visit store.mitsuwa.com for locations). Prepare tempeh in tomato sambal (see page 90) with **Rhapsody tempeh** from rhapsody naturalfoods.com (\$4 for an 8-oz. package; 802/563-2172); **Belecan dried shrimp paste** from amazon.com; **Thai chiles** and **Holland** or **Fresno chiles** from Melissa's Produce (prices vary by season; see above); and **kecap manis** (sweet soy sauce) from asiansupermarket365.com (\$6 for a 600-ml. bottle; 888/822-8910). Make braised pork belly (see page 91) with **Lee Kum Kee soy sauce** (17) and **dark soy sauce** (\$7) from amazon.com (both 17-oz. bottles). Use **loofah** (Chinese okra) from Melissa's Produce (price varies by season; see above) to make stir-fried loofah with soybeans (see page 92). Buy **dried shrimp** from kalustyans.com (\$6 for a 2-oz. bag; see above) to prepare Burmese eggplant curry (see page 92). Make a Dragon 88-style mai tai (see page 92) using **Rhum Clément V.S.O.P.** (\$40 for a 750-ml. bottle) and **Velvet Falernum** (\$17 for a 750-ml. bottle) from astorwines.com (212/674-7500); and **Appleton Estate Reserve** (\$26 for a 750-ml. bottle) and **Kraken Black Spiced Rum** (\$15 for a 750-ml. bottle) from Merwin Liquors (877/563-7946; shopmerwins.com). To make Lebensstern's Lime Pie cocktail (see page 93), use **unflavored carbonated crystals** from modernistpantry.com (\$7 for a 50-gram jar); contact sakayanyc.com for **Ume No Yado** (yuzu-infused sake; \$31 for a 750-ml. bottle; 212/505-7253); and visit astorwines.com for **Ketel One Citroen** (\$33 for a 1-liter bottle; see above). Make a Lucky Luciano using **Benjamin Prichard's Rye** from luckensliquors.com (\$48 for a 750-ml. bottle; 855/958-3536) and **Fernet Branca** (\$29 for a 750-ml. bottle) from Merwin Liquors (see above); contact masterofmalt.com for **Mancino Vermouths Rosso and Secco** (both \$35 for a 750-ml. bottle; 866/569-5053); and buy **Griottines cherries** from amazon.com (\$11 for a 2-oz. jar). Make a Nectar of the Ancient using **Skinos Greek Mastiha liqueur** from acspirits.com (\$34 for a 750-ml. bottle; 800/578-3199) and **cardamom extract** from igourmet.com (\$8 for a 4-oz. bottle; 877/446-8763).

Corrections: In the April 2014 issue, the byline for "Oregon Ales" (page 66) was left off. Lucy Burningham is the author. In the same issue, we failed to credit Elizabeth Murray of Springfield, Virginia, for the grilled gremolata-stuffed sardines recipe (page 36). We regret the errors.

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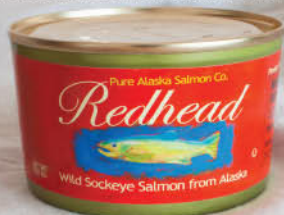
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DATE March 6, 2014

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The moment of truth arrives as editors gather in the SAVEUR test kitchen to weigh in on the day's recipes.

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